The Old White Church

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
10.22.42
BX 8949 .C46 1898
Centennial celebration of
the United Presbyterian

OCT 1942
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

1797—1897

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN (THE OLD WHITE) CHURCH BUILDING, SALEM, WASHINGTON COUNTY, N. Y., NOVEMBER 9th, 1897

ILLUSTRATED.

PRINTED BY
T. A. WRIGHT, NEW YORK.

1898.

Table of Contents.

PAGE

PREFACE, ... 5

SERMON. By Rev. David Craig Stewart, ... 9

INVOCATION, ... 23

REMARKS. By the Chairman, ... 24

HISTORICAL SKETCH, ... 27

REMARKS. By the Chairman, ... 35

LIST OF WORSHIPERS, ... 37

ROLL OF MEMBERS, ... 43

SCRAPS SAVED FROM SCATTERING, ... 49

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, ... 53

THE PRESENT. By Rev. Dr. Turnbull, ... 55

GLIMPSE AT THE FUTURE. By Rev. Mr. McEachron, . . . 58

ADDRESS. By Rev. Dr. E. P. Sprague, ... 61

GREETING FROM ALBANY PRESBYTERY. By Rev. Mr. Williamson, . 64

ADDRESSES BY:

Rev. G. C. Morehouse, ... 65

Rev. A. W. Morris, ... 66

Mr. Skellie, ... 67

REMINISCENCES. By Rev. James C. Forsyth, D.D., ... 71

EXTRACT FROM LETTERS:

Rev. Wm. A. Mackenzie, ... 77

Wm. A. Mackenzie, Jr., ... 78

LETTERS FROM:

Rev. Horace L. Singleton, D.D., ... 78

Rev. Dr. John D. Wells, ... 79

Mr. Andrew H. Green, of New York, ... 80

Rev. Dr. Richard H. Steele, ... 80

LETTERS. (*Continued.*) PAGE

Rev. Dr. James B. Scouller, ... 81
Mrs. F. Halley Wiles, ... 82
Mrs. Henrietta B. Halley, ... 83
Mrs. M. M. Farrington, ... 83
Rev. J. A. Reynolds, D.D. 84
Rev. Wm. Johnson, D.D. 85
Rev. John R. Fisher, D.D., ... 85
Mrs. S. A. Fowler, ... 86
Rev. Herbert C. Hinds, ... 87
Rev. Albert G. Todd, ... 88
Rev. Charles T. White, ... 88
Rev. James G. Robertson, ... 88
Rev. T. W. Harwood, ... 90
Rev. Wm. H. Meeker, ... 91
DESCRIPTION OF RELICS, ... 93

Illustrations.

PAGE

FRONTISPIECE—EXTERIOR OF CHURCH, ... Facing 4
INTERIOR OF CHURCH, ... " 26
OLD MEETING HOUSE, ... " 34
PORTRAIT OF REV. DR. PROUDFIT, ... " 36
PLAN OF CHURCH, ... " 48
PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF PARSONAGE, ... " 54
PORTRAIT OF REV. DAVID CRAIG STEWART, . . . " 60
PORTRAIT OF REV. J .C. FORSYTH, D.D., ... " 70
PORTRAIT OF REV. WM. A. MACKENZIE, ... " 76
PORTRAIT OF REV. EBENEZER HALLEY, D.D., . . . " 82
VIGNETTE OF TOKENS, ... " 91

EXTERIOR

1897

PREFACE.

A score and a half years ago, when the centenary was observed of the settlement in Salem by the congregation from Ballibay, it was strongly urged by many that the proceedings should be published. Preliminaries were arranged, but the plan never came to fruition. Dr. Asa Fitch's valuable and painstaking address was preserved, but only in manuscript, as also were papers full of interesting memories by several aged ministers, poems inspired by the event, speeches congratulatory, reminiscent, forecasting. These have since been collected, and occupy a secure, not obscure, corner in the Public Library.

Moreover, although not printed in compact form, they have served as treasuries from which data have been obtained when other mile-stones in the pilgrimage have been reached.

The next observable point whence a look back was taken, to inspire a forward march, was the year 1876. Then the clergyman in charge compiled a history, which covers the space from the coming of Dr. Thomas Clark, bringing over the congregation to this country, until the fifth year of the author's pastorate. These five years multiplied into five times five. The quarter-centennial was marked by the retention again of facts worth remembering, which assumed the shape of "The Anniversary Souvenir."

When the edifice where the congregation meets had passed its one hundredth birthday, it seemed fitting to pursue the gathering and conserving process once more; especially so as the second century of its occupancy was begun under the leadership of a new pastor. The sermon which he preached on the first Sabbath of November deservedly comes first in the record of events.

We reluctantly forego the presentation of all that was said and done at the installation service the following Tuesday afternoon. Sermons, charges, speeches, and prayers have been recorded in type-writing, however, and will remain among the Church archives. *This* volume is confined to what took place in the evening.

We will detain the reader from its "feast of good things" only a few moments longer, to give credit where it is due for the complete success of the day. The weather was so intensely stormy that it seemed entirely discouraging. The particular men there that persevered, carrying messages through the rain, going hither and thither at call, performing what appeared impossibilities, were the sexton, John Wright, "Col." Wm. R. Boyd, Robert McAllister, Jr., and John W. McFarland. James A. McFarland also proved himself a worthy descendant of the "Jas. A." whose name so frequently appeared on the trustees' books in times of yore.

Those trustees' books, by the way, are objects of curiosity from their age. The entries date back more than a century, and for many a year have had safe keeping in the Stevenson Homestead, under the careful guardianship of the clerk, the Hon. Thomas Stevenson.

From between their ancient leathern covers were ex-

tracted a dozen or so of items for the "Historical Sketch." These were not collated by the one named as its writer. For the unearthing of striking facts from the mass of unsorted material she has to thank another. She also acknowledges indebtedness to the before-mentioned manuscript of Dr. Asa Fitch and the historical sermon of Rev. Wm. A. Mackenzie.

And now, kind reader, proceed to peruse.

Committee on Invitation.

MISS FANNY H. WILLIAMS.

MR. WM. McFARLAND. MR. DAVID. H. SAFFORD.

Historical Sermon

Preached by the Pastor, Rev. David Craig Stewart, November 7, 1897.

"*So the workmen wrought, and the work was perfected by them, and they set the house of God in his state, and strengthened it.*"—2 Chron. xxiv. 13.

I have chosen these words not for the purpose of discussing them in connection with the repairing of the temple at Jerusalem, but as a motto rather, under which to speak of the building of this house of God in Salem.

It is said, "There are only two things worthy a man's ambition. One is to write what is worthy of being done, and the other is to do what is worthy of being written, and of these two the greater is the doing." In the one hundred and forty-six years since the organization of this congregation in the green isle beyond the sea, and the one hundred and thirty-first since its transplanting to the free and consecrated soil of America, the sons and daughters of Salem have acted well their part in the great drama of life. At home and abroad, in church and state, on field and forum, they have done many noble deeds, and we might well feel honored in reciting them; but such is not our purpose to-day. In the near future, on a more fitting occasion and by the pen of a more ready writer, they will be recorded. But of the fact that this is the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of this stately building—the "White Church of Salem"—in which we have gathered to-day to worship our God and our fathers' God, and that for a century has stood a silent witness for the truth and a protest against evil, is one from which we may learn some

lessons and of the blessings which come to those who honor God's house.

The ancestry of a people has much to do in determining the attitude in which they stand toward holy things. Descendants of the New England Puritans and Scotch-Irish settlers of this country, men who feared God, but no other person or thing, you have retained this reverence; and it has been a potent factor in moulding the lives and shaping the destinies of this people.

I was interested to note this fact—gleaned from your early annals—that the name of this town for many years was known as New Perth.

This name, in connection with those of the places in which the congregation was organized, suggest at once the ancestry of your people. Monaghan and Ballibay have a distinct flavor of the land of the Shamrock, while New Perth is at once suggestive of the heathery hills of Scotland.

Your ancestors, and I may truly say *our* ancestors—though for nearly two hundred years my fathers have boasted of that proudest of all earthly titles, an American citizen—came originally from the

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood."

We have in our veins the blood of that hardy race which has been so important a factor in subduing the wilderness of the New World and in establishing and perpetuating our free institutions.

It is said of the Scotch-Irish people that they want all the good things they see, and never let go anything they once lay their hands on.

Undoubtedly they have tenacity of purpose, which has made them the successful competitors in so many enterprises.

I heard "Ian MacLaren" say, in relating incidents of

Scottish character, that a Scotchman was never known to yield a point, though always ready to argue the merits of the question.

To the "dourness" of the original Scotch who came to this country by the way of Ireland, there was added a new trait during their sojourn in the green isle, which, combined and developed under the clear skies and pure free air of America, have produced many of the grandest characters the world has ever known. As illustrative of the tenacity of the Scotch-Irish, an incident, related by the Rev. Dr. McCartee, who some seventy years ago was one of the most popular clergymen in New York City, may well be repeated. Speaking to Mr. Robert Bonner, the doctor said that in his younger days he had two prominent members of his church who were not on speaking terms. One was Scotch, the other Scotch-Irish. They had quarreled about some trivial matter, and the feeling became very bitter. The doctor labored for a long time to reconcile them; but neither could be moved. At last, after a serious talk, the Scotchman consented to meet his Scotch-Irish fellow-member in a friendly manner and let by-gones be by-gones. The doctor then went to the Scotch-Irishman; but he was as firm as ever: he did not want anything to do with "that man." Finally the doctor bore down on him pretty hard, urging upon him his duty as a Christian, and asking him: "How can you expect to be forgiven if you will not forgive?" When the Scotch-Irishman, with great emotion, while trying to conquer his feeling, exclaimed: "Yes, yes; I'll forgive him, but I want to get one good crack at him first."

We do not wonder our ancestors desired to call their home in the New World by that name, associated with so many glorious events in the history of Scotland. We could easily believe that to those who desired a change they would "have granted ye" there was room for argument; but our wonder is that, even under the benign influences of

the New World, they could have so readily yielded a controversy, and accepted the beautiful title of Salem—"City of Peace."

Early associations have much to do in shaping our lives and training our aspirations, and can never be wholly forgotten. One hundred years of uninterrupted service in this house, dedicated to the worship of God, by our fathers, who in this Western World sought "freedom to worship God," means much in privileges and responsibilities to those who are children of this Church—means much to the community in which this building stands.

In the Old World I have stood on ground which for more than a thousand years has been made sacred as a place of worship—where Pagan and Christian alike have made their supplications according to the knowledge they had and the light they possessed—ground that had been made forever memorable as the battle-ground between truth and error.

And as I stood in silent meditation thinking on what the hand of God had wrought in the history of the world, the spectral form of the centuries seemed to pass in grand review before me.

About me were scattered the ruins of heathen altars; but the names of those who built them and offered incense at their shrine have been forgotten, or, if known at all, only remembered because Christianity has preserved them from oblivion by numbering them among her enemies.

"The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot."

All around me were the evidences of a Christian civilization, while in the magnificent temples reared to the glory of God I saw the triumph of the cross and the fulfillment of the promises of the Christians' Lord.

To-day is a time and here is a place for meditation. With some of you whose lives reach back to the time when

this old Church was new—memory is busy—you recall the days of old; you think of the fathers and mothers in Israel who "rest from their labors;" of the companions by the way, many of whom have long since been called to their reward; you think of the trials you have borne and the victories you have won, and, with tears of memory and smiles of hope, rejoice in the goodness of God to you in the land of the living.

And as the glory of this house surpasses the glory of those of earlier years, as the present exceeds in opportunity the past, so may the future be more fruitful as strengthened by past memories of what God has done, and you go forth to greater efforts and grander triumphs.

The power of these local associations cannot be overestimated. It influences all, but is most thrilling to minds of the most delicate tone. Says Dr. Johnson: "To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." We would not envy the man whose piety would not grow warmer as he stood in the old Grey Friars' churchyard in the city of Edinburgh, and beside the stone on which his ancestors had signed the Solemn League and Covenant in their blood; or the man whose patriotism would not gain force as he stood on Bunker Hill, where his fathers had died to establish, or on the heights of Gettysburg, where his brothers had fought to maintain, our Federal Union.

But moral associations are the most affecting. Places which have been the scenes of great events have an irresistible attraction for a susceptible heart and cultivated mind. Shadowy forms are all around us, and we seem to see them acting and hear them speaking as if actually present with us.

Such associations move us more profoundly and stir our souls to greater depths than to listen to a recital of their deeds, or read the products of their genius. Under such influences new impulses take possession of us, and we are lifted into a higher life and moved to nobler deeds.

Here the workmen wrought one hundred years ago. How well they wrought, let this magnificent building, which has stood the changes of a century, and bids fair to stand another century, bear witness. The minds that planned, the hands that fashioned, and the hearts whose love sustained the work, have long since passed away, but "their works do follow them." The grand men, who, as laborers together with God, have stood in this pulpit and proclaimed the everlasting Gospel, have many of them long since gone to their reward. Others still remain, to enjoy the fruits of their labor here, and continue to serve their Master in other fields. They were workmen all, "who needed not to be ashamed."

They wrought upon human hearts, and helped to fashion lives that shall endure as temples of the Holy Ghost. While we pay our tribute of respect to their memory, let us honor them more by seeking to preserve inviolable the inheritance transmitted to our care.

> "The lot to me that fell
> Is beautiful and fair;
> The heritage in which I dwell,
> None can with it compare."

The records which have been preserved tell us that, at a congregational meeting, held in March, 1796, it was decided to build this house, and that it was completed November 1, 1797. We may reasonably infer that it was used for worship the first Sabbath of November, which was just one hundred years ago to-day.

One hundred years ago! How short the time as we measure it in this rushing busy age! How long ago as we look upon the changes that have taken place and the work

that has been done. There are among you lives which almost connect us with that time; a score of such lives would carry us back to the days of Jesus Christ. The Word seems very near us. That audience which assembled here a hundred years ago is doubtless viewing with interest our proceedings here to-day. Turn back the pages of history; draw aside the curtains of the past: and we stand in the presence of that vast assembly who were glad when it was said unto them, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord."

We look upon the revered and venerable form of that master in Israel, Dr. James Proudfit, who had fallen upon the high places of the field, but still lived to see his son, Alexander, "mighty in word and deed," go before the people to lead them in the way of life.

With bowed heads the people stand before the Lord to receive the blessing invoked by the servant of God. How their hearts must have thrilled with joy, and how these walls must have echoed with their glad songs as they sang:

> "The Lord hath done great things for us,
> Whence joy to us is brought."

What a contrast between then and now! Not so much in the spirit in which they came together, or the character of the worship which they offered, but in the circumstances by which they were surrounded.

Here was "the forest primeval." Our fathers were making for themselves homes in the then almost unbroken wilderness. Theirs was not a day of fable and legend, which could transmute a dim conjecture into romantic fact. Their lives were full of toil, but their hearts were full of hope. By open fires, in their rude cabins, they "remembered Zion," and from altars of prayer there went up the morning and evening sacrifice.

Trembling among the trees, and echoing softly among the hills, were the songs of Zion. The rush of trains and

the busy hum of trade disturbed not the deep quiet of the Sabbath.

The squirrel might play undisturbed at the door, or the deer might drink with impunity at the spring, for there was a "holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days." In the fear of the Lord they laid deep and strong the foundation of the prosperity and comforts we to-day enjoy.

We are living amid scenes which memory has sanctified, history commemorated, and poetry adorned. Every stream has its hallowed associations, every field its tale of blood and sacrifice, and "not a mountain lifts its head unsung," or is unworthy of heroic strains.

Although the external aspect of nature has changed under the influence of our New World enterprise, although science and art are multiplying their monuments all around, and many vestiges of the primitive wilderness have been swept away, still

> "A spirit hangs,
> Beautiful region, o'er thy towns and farms."

This is our inheritance. But how close this venerable building links us to the past! No transforming change has been made since it first echoed the worship of our fathers, a hundred years ago.

There may have been less fire in the building and more fire in the pulpit than now, but the fervor of the hearers did not prevent their feet from getting cold, as is evidenced from the fact that an order from the trustees to the sexton instructed him carefully to look after any foot-stoves that might be left in the pews after the congregation had been dismissed. True, there may have been some necessary additions and repairs, but we are none the worse for some of the comforts adapted to our modern civilization. But the changes have been immaterial; so well had the workmen wrought, so carefully had they built, that we look

to-day upon the same walls which sheltered our fathers, a hundred years ago. We look upon the pews where there are seated those to-day who are the fifth generation of those that loved God and kept His commandments.

Instead of the fathers, God has taken the children, and amid the rush of memories to-day we seem to see the shadowy hands of our fathers stretched across the chasm of one hundred years and resting in benediction upon our heads.

There are cold-blooded men who speak with contempt of that reverence in which we hold a Christian temple as God's peculiar dwelling-place.

They look upon it as only so much wood and stone, or brick and mortar; and Sabbath-breakers would bring to themselves some salve for a guilty conscience in sentimental talk of the "groves as God's first temple."

But the Biblical idea of the place where God is worshiped is represented everywhere in the Word as one of peculiar and awful solemnity.

The forests waved their branches, just as majestically and invitingly in nature's temples when Abraham journeyed three days to Mount Moriah, that in a definite and becoming place he might meet and worship God.

The stars of an Oriental sky shone just as resplendent as now on that night when Jacob, his head pillowed upon a stone, slept upon a Syrian plain and discovered before morning that God was there. He called the place Bethel, and said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; and this is the gate of Heaven."

The temple, which was the crowning glory of Solomon's magnificent reign, and which was so sacred that neither sound of axe nor hammer was heard in its building, was rich and beautiful in its furnishings almost beyond our conception; but it was God's conception as a house for His worship. He says, "I have hallowed this place to put My name there forever."

Such is the Scriptural idea of the sacredness of God's house, "The holy place, the place where Mine honor dwelleth."

The associations of God's house are very helpful in forming and building up our religious character. More than we know or think, we are influenced by our surroundings. The recollection of our experiences in the house of God is among our most precious memories.

We recall the prayers we have heard, and the old songs of Zion still ring sweetly in our ears. Some sermon we heard in our youthful days still helps us in our mature years.

We feel yet the soft pressure of our mother's hand to quiet our childish restlessness, and see again the kindly look of father bent upon us in mild reproof. A flow of holy memories rush upon us to quicken our spiritual impulses and help us to a purer and holier life. "'They are the golden vials full of odors.' They come back to us in after years, 'trailing clouds of glory.' They make the very walls of the house of God eloquent. 'The stone cries out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answers it.' The very silence of the place on a week-day is more potent than angels' voices."

"O thou homely meeting-house of my youth, God bless thee! If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." And so "we recall the years of the right hand of the Most High," and honor this house of God to-day. We rejoice that in this Salem is His tabernacle. May it last as long as the sun and moon endure: a place to which the tribes of Israel in future generations may repair; where Zion's weary pilgrims may find comfort, and where the weary, sin-sick soul may find rest.

But I would not close this address without a loving invitation to all who have not "tasted and seen that the Lord is good and gracious," and especially to the children

of this congregation who have not said of their fathers' God, "He is my Lord," to "come with us and we will do you good." By the sacred memories of the past, by the gracious opportunities of the present, by the glorious hopes for the future, I plead with you, in Christ's name, to come unto him and He will give you rest.

And thus we close the service of a hundred years, in which God's people have come to this house to "worship before the Lord in the beauty of holiness;" and, as we enter upon the second century of service together, may it be with the prayer of the Psalmist trembling upon our lips:

"Now Thy light and truth forth sending,
Let them lead and guide me still;
Guide me to Thy house ascending,
Lead me to Thy holy hill."

And so—

"Thy mercies which most tender are,
To mind do I recall;
And loving kindnesses for they
Have been through ages all."

AMEN.

Imagine yourselves—on returning from the Memorial Chapel of a sister congregation, where a rich and bounteous repast of turkey and plum-pudding had been furnished—now seated in the "White Church," adorned as seen in the picture, but the recess filled with an imposing crowd of those who were to speak, and "lend them your ears."

"White Church" Building Centennial.

7:15 O'CLOCK P. M.

Invocation, ... Rev. D. C. Stewart

Chairman, ... Abner Robertson, Esq.

Anthem.

Reading of Scripture, . . . Rev. G. C. Morehouse

Psalm 100:

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

"Because the Lord, our God, is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

Prayer, ... Rev. E. P. Sprague, D. D.

Historical Sketch, . . . Miss Fanny H. Williams

Anthem.

Lines Written for the Occasion.

Letters from Old Friends, . . Read by John King, Esq.

"The Present," . . . . Rev. T. B. Turnbull, D. D.

Anthem.

"A Glimpse at the Future," . . Rev. W. S. McEachron

Congratulations. Benediction. Social Hour.

Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Church Building of the U. P. Church of Salem, N. Y., Tuesday, Nov. 9th, 1897, 7:15 o'clock P. M. Abner Robertson, Esq., of Salem, Chairman.

Remarks by the Pastor, Rev. D. Craig Stewart.

We are glad to greet you all. The occasion which brings us together is a very peculiar one and a very happy one, as we come together to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of this Church building. It is one in which certainly not any who are present here to-night will ever participate again in the same capacity. But we are glad that we are among the living who witness it to-night; and, as we enter upon the service, let us unite in invoking the divine blessing.

Oh Thou who art the God of our fathers, we praise Thee; Thou who art our God, we worship before Thy footstool and offer unto Thee to-night the tribute of grateful hearts as we come together. And we pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon us, and may we have the guidance of His Spirit in all things. Do Thou direct us, each one, as we shall take our several parts in the exercises of this occasion. Bless Thy servants who shall speak to us; and bless, we pray Thee, the words which they may bring to each one of us. And, as we recall the blessings of the past, as we enjoy the blessings of the present, and as we look forward hopefully to the future, we pray that the Spirit of the Lord, which has guided those who have gone before us in the days and years gone by, may not only abide with us in our hearts and in our homes, but may so lead and guide us in the journey of life that we may be

brought at last unto the perfect Man. And may the goodness and the mercy, which has followed us all the days of our lives, still continue to lead and guide us until at last God's house shall receive us. We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

It is now my pleasant duty to introduce the chairman of the evening, who will take charge of the exercises—Mr. Abner Robertson.

Remarks by Mr. Abner Robertson.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Friends: I attended a meeting last year out of town—I wish to impress upon you all the fact that it was out of town—which was presided over by a gentleman of distinguished presence and dignified mien, and to my mind he presided over it satisfactorily; but the next day I heard a couple of citizens of that town discussing the meeting, and one of them remarked, "What an elegant chairman Mr. So-and-so would have made if he had only kept his mouth shut." Now, I do not intend to run any risk of that kind, not to any great extent. I only wish to say that upon this occasion we are here to do honor to this ancient temple, reared for the service of the Almighty God of the universe, and at the same time we are doing honor to ourselves.

The old "White Church" owes no debts. Speaking from a commercial standpoint, it has paid par and one hundred per cent. premium on all of its stock to all of its stockholders. There is no man, woman, or child, living or dead, that can claim that he or she has not received full value for all the services performed in this old temple. And the thought has struck me to-night, since I have been sitting here, that perhaps my name would live the longer for the part I am taking here this evening. This Church has stood for one hundred years. Although I am no prophet, nor

even the son of a deacon, I still will venture to say that it will stand here another century still to come. To paraphrase from one of the poets:

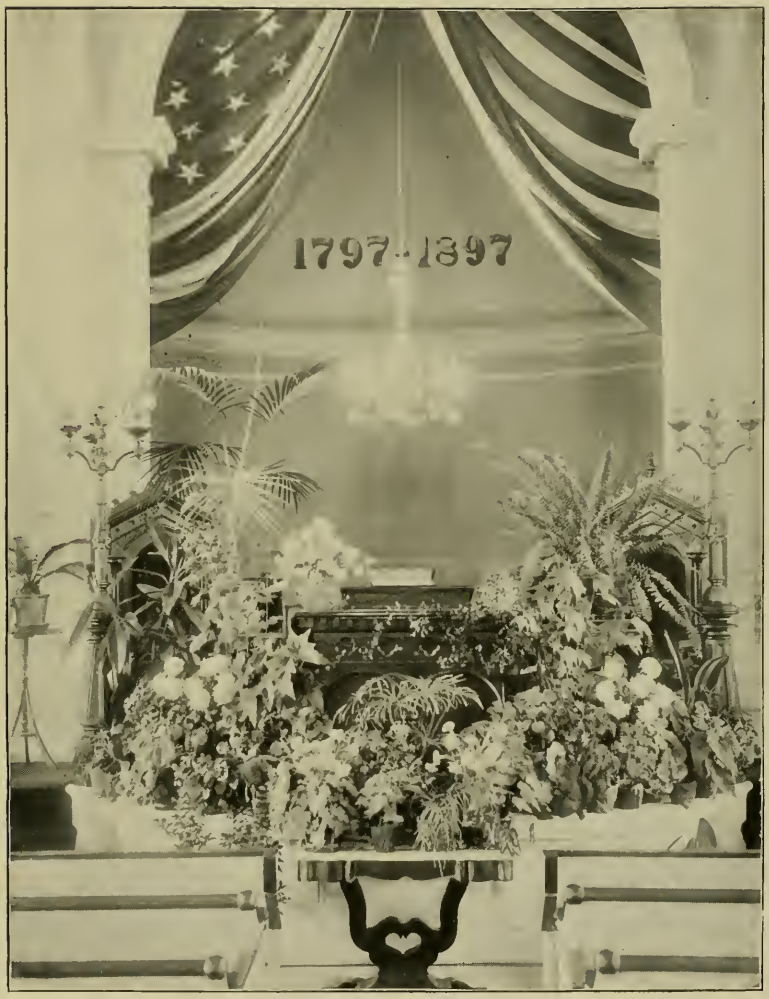
"Men may come and men may go,
But the church goes on forever."

But, whether this particular edifice will stand here or not, I feel safe in asserting, without fear of serious contradiction, that it, or another one, will stand here on this spot one hundred years from to-night, and that the centennial celebration will be then renewed. And it may be that some one who is then interested in the Church will look back at the old record to see who presided a hundred years ago when they celebrated the centennial of the "White Church" in Salem. And he will look at the records, and say, perhaps, "Well, it is a little dim, but I think his name was Robertson. Well, who was he? I don't know. He is dead, but he might have been a pretty decent sort of a man. He lived in Salem, and his given name is taken from the Bible; but, then, his parents probably gave him the name: he wasn't to blame for that." And so, when I might otherwise be forgotten, I may be remembered on account of this evening. And so I again assert that the old "White Church" always pays its debts.

It has been my good fortune during the past eight months to visit a number of ancient and historical churches in this country I visited the church in Alexandria, Va., in which Gen. Washington worshiped while he resided at Mount Vernon, and sat in the pew which he and his family occupied; the old church is preserved in its interior in just the same form as it was then. I visited the old South Church in Boston, which, during the Revolutionary War, the British used as a training and riding school for their cavalry, and in the gallery of which Gen. Washington stood after the British had been driven out of the city; I should have thought that the British, who have such

regard for their own churches, would have had some respect for those of others. I visited the old Christ Church in Boston, from the belfry of which Paul Revere flashed out his light, throwing the signal across the water to his comrades of the proposed intentions of the British, which light is still flashing over this country and will continue to flash as long as the spirit of liberty shall live. I visited the old Christ Church at Marblehead, of historical interest. And perhaps the most interesting of all: the old Roger Williams Church, in Salem, Mass., the first Protestant church of worship erected in America; it is preserved to-day as it was a hundred years ago; it is about the size of two of the church-sheds contiguous to this Church, and the architecture is almost as plain.

And, while looking on these ancient and historical churches, my mind would continually revert to another Church, in the village of my birth and the village of my heart—the Church that I love, the Church in which my spiritual life commenced, and in which I trust I shall continue to worship as long as God shall spare my life. Other and more eloquent lips will tell you all the good this Church has done to this community and the surrounding communities, and I will not speak on that subject; but I will only pray that the Church may continue in the future, as it has been in the past, to be a blessing to this community and to all the people who worship therein. May God grant my prayer.



INTERIOR

1897

Historical Sketch.

By Miss Fanny H. Williams.

The question has been frequently asked, and most naturally, since this evening's observance has been talked of, "Is it the original Church edifice of the Salem congregation?" To the query we begin by replying, "No: the third." And as, in a biography, the father is always mentioned, and possibly the grandfather, so the ancestral line of this venerable structure must receive due notice.

It was in 1766 that the congregation settled in Salem, coming across bodily from the old country—pastor, elders, people. The same year they erected the "meeting house," as such places of worship were then termed. "This was the first of the kind in all the region north from Albany to the Canada line;" therefore remarkable, though it was only a rough log cabin. It was in the south part of the village. But do not confuse it with the "Old Meeting House" we now see there. *That* was the second in the line of succession. The congregation outgrew their first little home; therefore the "framed" house was built: it dates back before the Revolutionary War, and was looked upon as a magnificent edifice by those afar as well as near. "Have you seen the meeting house at New Perth?" one would ask another. "That *is* a sight worth seeing." Poor old dingy thing we regard it now. But the Word of the Lord was there proclaimed by His faithful messengers, Dr. Clark and Drs. James and Alexander Proudfit. The presentation of the pure Gospel proved all-sufficient to attract hearers. The crowds who assembled from week to week "flew as the doves to their windows," for all could not find room within. The necessity for a larger edifice was thus

shown. At a meeting of the congregation in March, 1796, it was voted to build another sanctuary, double the size of the old; the new one was to be 60 feet long, 50 feet wide.

And so the old "White Church" was begun. Eighteen months it was in building: a contrast to the rapid manner in which such undertakings are now carried on. Contrast, for instance, the United Presbyterian Chapel near Chicago: arranged for one Friday, erected Saturday, worshiped in on the Sabbath. But those walls, run up so speedily, will not probably be standing a century hence; whereas ours, wooden though they are, seem likely to remain when the written date is 1997.

One of the requisites voted on at that March meeting was a steeple. The spire now pointing towards heaven is not the same; that did not withstand the shocks of time so well. It was struck by lightning twice, but not consumed. The tradition is that, on the first occasion, "Deacon" Beatties's wife, living across the street, saw the flames, rushed over, barefooted, broke open the Church door, pulled the bell, so giving the alarm, and the fire was extinguished with buckets.

In the new Church was a very high, narrow pulpit, originally with a stupendous sounding-board, which aroused the apprehensions of the preacher, Dr. Alex. Proudfit. At his entreaty it was taken down. The pulpit itself was lowered the first time the Church was repaired; later on a white marble desk with Egyptian pillars was presented. From behind this were poured forth the spiritual words of the Proudfits, the fervid Scotch eloquence of Dr. Halley, the substantial discourses of Mr. Lillie, the terse sentences of Rev. Thomas Farrington, the sonorous speech of Mr. Forsyth, and for five years the soul-stirring voice of Rev. Wm. A Mackenzie. The other twenty, of his quarter of a century's occupancy, his sermons were delivered from the desk now standing here. This was the gift of Henry Archibald. The white pulpit is still in a state of

preservation, waiting for some other change: the putting in of a pipe-organ, may be, to bring it out of its hiding-place.

There were 26 square pews in the Church, 136 seats in all, including those in the gallery; there are 120 now downstairs. And in those seats, last Sabbath, when the anniversary sermon was preached, sat the fifth generation of those who worshiped in the building used for the first time 100 years before. In the identical pew owned by the Thompsons was Clarence Ladd; and in the slips near the center of the Church, Raymond Cruikshank—fifth descendant of one son, Mabel Henrietta, in the fourth line, daughter of another.

The "White Church" was an expensive erection for those days; four thousand dollars being required. This was mostly devoted to the purchase of materials, for much of the labor was free. Many a "bee" was had to help on the work. Our venerable friend, Capt. James Thompson, relates his remembrance of a tale oft recounted by Col. John Steele: how the latter, as a baby, was brought by his mother and left to roll around on the grass, while she helped to supply with a lunch the busy farmers who had "lent a hand" all day at the building.

Mr. Walter Martin was the contractor and engaged an architect from Sturbridge, Mass., famed for his skill.

When the time came for raising the money needed for paying the $4,000 the pews were sold at auction. Some of those are still "owned" by the descendants of the original buyers. But those who thus possessed the seats rented the same at a fixed rate, thus contributing towards the Church expenses. So generous were these buyers that, after the $4,000 was expended, according to contract, there remained a residue of $200, which was divided among the committee.

This proceeding was strictly regular, it having been voted on, at a congregational meeting, that these men were

entitled to it as a recompense for their time and labor, although it was undertaken by them entirely as a labor of love.

We note from time to time in the Church records that, when additional sums were needed for repairs or alterations, those in office had no hesitation in laying a tax on the pews, *demanding*, as it were, such and such sums. Nor do we read of any objections to such assessments, though the money was not always paid.

It may not be out of place to observe here that the system of pew rents has been abolished. The "envelope system," or voluntary pledge, has taken its place.

Let us retrace our steps and read this paragraph:

1841.—"*Resolved*, That the young men subscribing are entitled to a credit of the amount of their subscription whenever they may choose to purchase a slip."

The names are: John Williams, Jr., Wm. McFarlane, Alex. Robertson, Henry Matthews, A. M. Proudfit, John W. Proudfit, Alvin Goodrich.

The repairs were to the amount of $3,000, and consisted of new floor, new chimneys, from top to bottom, new window-sashes, etc.; also arch and cornice overhead. Glance up and you can see the cornice there now.

Some years before that (in 1810) record is found of an assessment, the object of raising the money being to purchase a bell. It was not to exceed 660 pounds, so as not to be too heavy for the steeple (it is supposed). Its call has not been loud. Newer and weightier metal voices mingle with and almost drown it now; but yet for eighty-seven years it has been pealing forth, "Come! come! come!" and the people have come, nor have they ever been turned away unblessed.

In one sense it is the identical bell, in another the succession of its metallic preaching has been broken; for during a fire it was cracked: some say by falling, some

declare by too vigorous ringing. At all events it had to be recast.

Occasionally we find it served for other purposes. Witness the entry:

1822.—"*Resolved*, That James Dobbin have the use of the bell in the Church to ring when required by the court—*by his taking care and preventing boys from rummaging through the Church.*"

Young America was much the same in those days as now. Again we read:

"*Resolved*, That the bell should be rung only for divine service and funerals, as it *disturbed the sick.*"

The tolling at funerals was a peculiar feature of those ancient times, a function of much solemnity. Although the New England custom of numbering the years of the departed was not observed, it was the duty of the sexton to watch, and, as the first vehicle appeared from among the hills, to pull stroke after stroke, at intervals of five minutes, till the train with its sad burden reached the burial-ground. The service itself was seldom held within the Church, but in the home. We remark, in passing, that the wedding ceremony has been performed only thrice within its walls.

A purchase was made in 1797, which must have added greatly to the comfort of the congregation—namely, that of two large "seven-plate" stoves, with many feet of pipe. No way of heating had been employed in the log building or the old meeting house, except as individual members brought foot-stoves; therefore these stoves were looked upon as a wonderful improvement. As years rolled on, and people needed more heat, two more were bought and placed in the aisles near the pulpit. Within the memory of the last generation the removal of this unwieldy apparatus for warmth was hailed with satisfaction and the long,

uncouth pipes—from which the smoky water *would* leak and drip and stain, in spite of little tin basins suspended underneath—taken down. The fuel employed had always been wood, until the first Sabbath of November, 1897—one hundred years after its first occupancy—a new coal furnace diffused a steady heat through the building.

As for lighting in the early years. So seldom were meetings held in the evenings, that all the provision made was of candles, with long tin reflectors. About sixty years ago a chandelier with glass drops was bought by Mr. John Williams. It hangs still where it was suspended then. That in the recess of more recent date, but selected to correspond, was placed there in memory of an aged church member; the tall lamps were a legacy from another; chairs are also, in a way, a memorial. At one time the side galleries were hung with highly ornamented gilt lamps, the gift of Mrs. James Gibson, wife of the late lamented Judge Gibson. Like other things, they wore out and had to be set aside.

The following paragraph, copied from the trustees' book, strikes us as being peculiar:

Dec. 26, 1834.—"*Resolved*, That the sacramental seats and tables belonging to the Church where the Rev. Alex. Proudfit is pastor shall not be taken from the above-named Church to go to the Academy for any exhibition."

Evidently they had been so taken heretofore, or asked for. And this leads us to remark that the custom was in those days, when the Lord's Supper was dispensed, for the first pews to be converted into tables, benches placed in front, and the communicants to come forward, singing as they took their seats. This was discontinued some year during the fifties.

The practice of giving and receiving "tokens" was continued up to that time.

There seem to be some missing links in the chain of

facts; but they are more than one can deal with in detail of those still on record.

In 1823 extensive repairs were undertaken, and the square pews remodelled. In 1840 and 1841, also, renovating touches were given to the woodwork, and fresh paint applied.

The vestibule was added at one time. When we remember the changes in front and rear of the edifice, the renewal of window-frames and doors, the replacing of shingles by slate on the roof, one hesitates to affirm that it is the same house as that of 1797; but there are enough of the stanch old beams and timbers to establish its identity.

In 1842 the "draw-well" was dug. It is that now in the grounds, whose water still refreshes the small boy on his way from school, quenches the thirst of the minister when he becomes "dry" from too much speaking, and keeps the pretty flowers used for decoration from withering away. It is from there that have been drawn the baptismal drops with which the generations of infants have been sprinkled, as the parents promised them to their Saviour, the source whence came the "outward and visible sign" when adults sealed their vows.

That the Session House in the enclosure was burned in 1841 is a matter of record. Though many Church papers perished in the flames, the Meeting House was spared. Considering that the building so near it was swept away; in view of the fact that the steeple was twice struck by lightning, as before related; and that, only week before last, the cry of fire from an opposite building startled the village,—we have cause for gratitude that these four walls remain unscorched, unconsumed.

While they trust in Providence, the trustees also acted as wise men, attached a lightning-rod, and kept the building well insured. This has been the practice since 1834.

Among items concerning repairs, we find references to floors relaid, which reminds us to state that there was

no carpet until the Church had been built more than half a century. The sound of incoming feet used to be most disturbing; especially when those comers were late and the service had begun.

A ludicrous incident occurred one Sabbath. As the minister was well on in his sermon, a pattering, clattering noise was heard, and a large ram advanced up the aisle, his hoofs clicking over the bare boards, the pew-doors banging adding to the uproar. He walked up to the pulpit, there being no room for him to turn about, and was escorted out as soon as might be.

When the edifice was first erected, the end wall behind the pulpit was a flat, staring surface of white plaster. At the time of some of the renovations, Mr. William McKie, a man of large heart and generous hand, conceived the idea that a fresco in the rear would relieve the eye. Many demurred at the price demanded by the first-class artist whom he had interviewed; it seemed to them too much money to "waste" on mere adornment. Therefore Mr. McKie offered to pay the whole cost. The painting was executed; and though the tesselated floor, also the curtain with tassels, slightly suggestive of the stage, might have been criticised as incongruous, it certainly did give an idea of space. So good was the perspective, that one man was entirely certain that the front pillars were veritably built of wood; "the rest he knew was only a picture." The picture held its own for twenty years, till other changes necessitated its removal.

In 1867—the year that the centennial of the congregation was celebrated, that is to say, of its immigration to this country: it having been in existence in the North of Ireland many years before—there was erected a platform to accommodate the speakers from abroad. This was left to stand afterwards for more than a year. Some thought it an addition which was no improvement; but it will be ever memorable from the assembling there, the following spring,

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

of eleven young men, who came forward to confess Christ, and, standing upon it, in full view of "the great Congregation," received the ordinance of baptism from the hands of Rev. J. C. Forsythe, and next sat together at the table of the Lord. Subsequently five more came, and six more after that.

In 1876 very great changes were accomplished: a cellar was dug beneath the Church, the whole building raised, a higher foundation put under, and furnaces put in the cellar; a recess was added behind, with study and rooms each side. Some years later the room over the vestibule was modernized: benches taken out and chairs put in, and sliding-doors inserted between the audience-room and lecture-room.

This was before the organization of the Improvement Society, but was carried out through the energy and perseverance of a few ladies.

Since it is the material substance only that we are to bring into prominence—the wood and stone, brass and iron and mortar—we pause, leaving others to speak of the life within.

Remarks by the Chairman.

I wish to supplement Miss Williams' interesting Historical Sketch with a remark about the well in front of the Church of which she speaks. That well has been the means of saving thousands of dollars' worth of property in the village. It is the best fire well in this section. Both the steam and the hand engines, while drawing water from it to the extent of their power, only lower it an inch or two. And it seems, just a couple of weeks ago, by its nearness to Mr. Blashfield's warehouse when it was on fire, this well was the means of saving hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of property. And it would seem that this well is similar perhaps, in its unlimited supply of water, to the Church. All can draw water from the well of salvation, as it is unlimited in supply.

REV. ALEXANDER PROUDFIT, D. D.

1795–1835

List of Worshipers.

A list of the Ancestors who worshiped in the "White Church" one hundred years ago, and of their descendants whose names are now or have recently been on the Church Records.

The * signifies absence from home, temporary or permanent.

Thomas Beattie, Sr., was the ancestor of the Beattie family in Salem, and had five sons: John, Thomas, William, Samuel and David.

William J. Beaty.
(Mrs. Mary J. Dennison Beaty.)
Agnes.
Frank.
Mary Grace.
J. Ebenezer Beaty.
(Mrs. Margaret McMurray Beattie.)
* Louise B.
Maggie.
Edith.
Ruth.
Marian.
Alfred.
Ernest.
Emily.
William Beattie.
(Mrs. Catherine McKinney Beattie.)
* Marcus.
* Beverly.
Eva.
May.
Nannie.
Chauncey.
Clara Bell.
Mrs. Elizabeth Beattie.
Mary.
Sarah.
Mrs. Nellie Beattie Johnston.
(John W. Johnston.)

[Johnston] Mary B.
Hazel.
Robert.
Mrs. Alice Beattie McGeoch.
(William McGeoch.)
* Mrs. Jennie Beattie McMichael.
Robert Beattie.
(Mrs. Margaret Owens Beattie.)
Winifried M.
Elizabeth N.
John S. Beattie.
Sarah J. Beattie.
* Mrs. Almira Beattie Schaffer.
* Mrs. Kate Beattie McFarland.
Mrs. Grace Beattie.
Mrs. Abby Beaty Fitch.
(Wm. J. Fitch.)
* Lemira M. Beaty.
Euphemia Beattie.
Hannah Beattie.
* Ebenezer D.
Charles A. Beattie.
(Mrs. Emmagene Rogers Beattie.)
John J., 2nd.
* Mrs. Maggie Cleveland Abbott.
James J. Craig.
(Mrs. Jennie Shaw Craig.)
George A.
Mrs. Hattie Craig Coulter.
(Charles H. Coulter.)

* Jennie Ellis.
John Craig.
Mrs. Ella Craig Shields.
(Dan Shields.)
Mrs. Anna Beattie Morhouse.
(Adelbert E. Morhouse.)
Stewart.
Col. John C. Beattie.
Mrs. Mary B. Beattie.
Martha.
* Robert.
Marcus.
(Mrs. Fannie Broughton Beattie.)
Cora.
* May.
* Irwin.
Franc.
Walter B. Beattie.
Walter S. Beattie.
(Mrs. Harriet Birch Beattie.)
Gertrude.
Harry.
Nettie Grace.
* Margaret Beattie.
* Finley Beattie.
James M. Beattie.
Anna Beattie.
Mrs. Caroline Cogswell Sharp.
Maggie.
* Mrs. Hattie Sharp Snyder.
* Albert Cogswell.
Ancestor, Thomas Boyd.
Alida McAllister.
William R. Boyd.
Mrs. Kate Egery Edwards.
(John Edwards.)
* Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards Edgar.
William John.
* Charles
* William.
Margaret.
* George.
* Frank.
James W. Egery.
Fannie McCleary.
William J. Boyd.
(Mrs. Mary McCleary Boyd.)
Nellie.
Charles.
* Mrs. Maggie Boyd Hunter.
* Mrs. Jennie Boyd Hatch.
Ancestor, Robert Boyd.
Mrs. Catherine McKirracher Stevens.
Ancestor, Abner Carswell.
* Mrs. Mary Chamberlin Cleveland.
* Elmer E.
James H.
Fannie.
* Charles.
Ancestor, Peter Cruikshank.
Capt. Robert Cruikshank.
(Mrs. Ann Eliza Wells Cruikshank.)
* Mrs. Ella Cruikshank.
* (Dwight P. Cruikshank.)
* Phelps.
* Evelyn.
* Alison.
* Harvey B.
* Everett.
* Robert.
Raymond.
* Ernest.
Capt. William J. Cruikshank.
Mrs. Azuba Barnett Cruikshank.
J. Henry.
Peter H. Cruikshank.
(Mrs. —— Miller Cruikshank.)
Mabel Henrietta.
Ancestor, Rufus Coon.
Daniel Coon.
(Mrs. Sarah Perry Coon.)
George.
Edgar Ladd.
(Mrs. Nancy Thompson Ladd.)
Marion.
* Fred.
Clarence.
Ancestor, John Edgar.
Mrs. Mary Edgar McMillan.

[McMillan] * Frank.
Mary.
* Will.
* Nettie.
Kate.
* Mrs. Sarah Edgar Lasher.
* Mrs. Jane Edgar Gillette.
* William J. Edgar.
* (Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards Edgar.)
* Wm. John Edgar.
* Persis F.
Ancestor, Hugh Fairley.
Lizzie Fairley.
Mrs. Fannie Fairley Dillon.
Gordon.
Ancestor, John Fairley.
Mrs. Susanna Fairley Smart.
John Wright.
(Mrs. Melissa Haynes Wright.)
Carrie.
Frank.
(Mrs. Emma McKinney Wright.)
Alvah.
Elsie.
Grace Osterhoudt.
Fannie Osterhoudt.
Ancestor, Samuel Ferguson.
William Ferguson.
Esther.
(Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson Fraser.)
John F. Ferguson.
John Ferguson.
Vesta.
Mrs. Martha Ferguson McKinney.
(John McKinney.)
* Henderson.
* (Mrs. Lora Crangle McKinney.)
* James.
Egbert D. Ferguson.
(Mrs. Fannie Orcutt Ferguson.)
* Margaret McKinney.
David Ferguson.
Lizzie May Ferguson.
Ancestor, David Matthews.
* Mary E. Crary.
Ancestor, Col. Joseph McCracken.
Charles H. Wilson.
Mrs. Georgia R. Wilson.
Ancestor, Alexander McNish.
* Sarah Steele McNish.
Ancestor, James McFarland.
William McFarland.
Margaret.
John W. McFarland.
(Mrs. Caroline Hopkins McFarland.)
* Mary E.
Susanna H.
James A.
William M. McFarland.
* Mrs. Martha E. McF. Skinner.
* Mrs. Mary Ann McFarland Culver.
Mrs. Susie Culver Larmon.
(Hon. Charles W. Larmon.)
Edith.
Frances.
* Mitchell McFarland.
* (Mrs. Georgia W. McFarland.)
* Edna.
* James McFarland.
* (Mrs. Frances Sherman McFarland.)
* Frank.
* Mrs. John M. McFarland.
Ada.
Edward.
Ancestor, Daniel McFarland.
Margaret McFarland.
Ancestor, Robert McFarland.
Daniel McFarland.
Mrs. Sarah M. McFarland Dunn.
Jennie.
Eleanor.
* (Mrs. Catherine Beattie McFarland.)
* Grace.
* Alexander.
* Sarah.
Ancestor, Alexander McNaughton.
Edwin.
* Alexander.
* John C.

Ancestor, Ebenezer McAllister.
* Mrs. S. J. McAllister.
* Mrs. S. A. Fowler.
Mrs. Caroline Hopkins McFarland.
Ancestor, Nathaniel McDougal.
Jane McDougal.
Ancestor, James Proudfit.
Mrs. Mary E. Proudfit McFarland.
Ancestor, Hugh Perry.
(Mrs. Margaret Beers Perry.)
John R.
(Mrs. Ella Hobbs Perry.)
Mack 2nd.
A. Mack Perry.
(Mrs. Anna Shields Perry.)
Martha.
Nettie S.
Gertrude.
Mrs. Sarah Perry Coon.
George.
Mrs. Mary J. Perry Mack.
(Josiah Mack.)
Harriet.
Sarah.
Charles.
Margaret.
Elizabeth.
Ancestor, John Rowan.
* Will Lytle.
* George Lytle.
Frank Lytle.
John Lytle.
(Mrs. Minie Parker Lytle.)
Willis S.
Wilbur M.
Harry.
Mrs. Libbie Lytle Fairley.
(James M. Fairley.)
Ray.
George.
Lena.
Frank.
Carrie.
Isabel.
* Mrs. Mattie Lytle Hall.
* James Lytle.
* Maggie Lytle.
* Charles Lytle.
* Rockwell Lytle.
Ancestor, Gideon Safford.
David H. Safford.
Daniel McC.
William C.
* Robert Safford.
Mrs. Alice Johnson Safford.
Mary C.
Agnes.
John E. Gillis.
Elizabeth Gillis.
James G. Gillis.
(Mrs. Lorraine Brown Gillis.)
* John E.
Elizabeth.
Charles.
Margaret.
Esther Murdock.
James Murdock.
(Mrs. Laura Platt Murdock.)
* Dan.
* Henry.
George.
Ada.
Ella.
* Mrs. Jennie Brady.
Ancestor, Abram Savage.
Mrs. Susan Savage McMurray.
Mrs. Eliza Savage McLaurie.
Mrs. Minie Schermerhorn McLaurie.
Arthur.
* Mrs. Ida McLaurie Vail.
* Virginia.
* Mrs. John Savage.
Ancestor, John Smart.
Hugh Smart.
(Mrs. Wakeley Smart.)
John W.
Alexander Smart.
(Mrs. Hetty Herrington Smart.)
Nellie Smart.
John S. Williams.
(Mrs. Rebecca Wilson Williams.)

[Williams] William.
Eli S.
Ancestor, James Stevenson.
Robert M. Stevenson.
Hon. Thomas S.
(Mrs. Alida Russell Stevenson.)
George.
Helen.
*Sara.
Ancestor, Robert Shaw.
*James Shaw.
Mrs. Jennie Shaw Craig.
Ancestor, Thomas Steele.
Mrs. Elizabeth Steele Fraser.
(Judge Lonson Fraser.)
James.
Hon. Frederick.
Daniel J. Steele.
(Mrs. Daniel J. Steele.)
Bessie.
Adelaide.
Pearl.
Elsie.
Ancestor, Robert Stewart.
Mrs. Caroline Billings Austin.
George.
Bert.
(Mrs. Julia Bain Austin.)
Bessie.
Elsie.
Mrs. Ella Austin McAllister.
(Robert McAllister, Jr.)
Earl.
*Mrs. Carrie Austin Closh.
Lewis Austin.
(Mrs. Fannie Glenholm Austin.)
Nettie.
Alfred Austin.
(Mrs. Nettie Glenholm Austin.)
John M. Clark.
(Mrs. Mary Guernsey Clark.)
Lucretia Bell.
Elizabeth.
*Joseph.
*Irving.
Henry Clark.
(Mrs. Cornelia Wright Clark.)
*Will.
Mrs. Mary Clark Barnett.
*Mrs. Cornelia Clark Aikin.
*Alvah W.
*Charles.
Mrs. C. M. Wolff.
Mrs. Libbie Wolff Perkins.
(Robert Perkins.)
Harold.
Ermine.
Baby.
Ancestor, Walter Stewart.
Robert Stewart.
(Mrs. Jane Shaw Stewart.)
Ancestor, William Thompson.
Capt. James M. Thompson.
*(Mrs. Mary J. Fairley Thompson.)
*Frank.
Mrs. Harriet Bentley Thompson.
Carrie A.
Henrietta.
Mary.
Charles.
Mrs. Nancy Thompson Ladd.
Ancestor, Capt. Alexander Turner.
*Mrs. Lucy Turner Safford Mawhinny.
*Mrs. Elizabeth Turner White.
*(William White.)
*Rev. Charles T.
*(Mrs. Chas. T. White.)
Ancestor, Gen. John Williams.
Harriet M.
Fanny H.

Roll of Members.

Roll of members and adherents of the "White Church" at the beginning of 1898, whose ancestors had no connection with the congregation one hundred years ago.

The * signifies in most cases, absence from Salem either temporary or permanent.

Mrs. Amanda McAller Alexander.
Mary J.
John.
Mrs. Jeanette McNab Ashton.
* Will.
* Andrew.
* Hawley.
Margaret.
Bessie.
* Lydia.
* Mrs. Jessie.
* Mrs. Barbara Hatch.
Mrs. Marion Roberts Babcock.
John S. Barnett.
Elmira.
Josiah.
Ella.
* Mrs. Mary Fairchild Beattie.
John Bentley.
Mrs. Jennie —— Bentley.
Harvey.
Minnie.
Mrs. Sarah Bingham.
William W.
Joseph.
Mrs. Joseph Bingham.
Carrie Brownell.
Belle Brownell.
George Bruce.
Mrs. Anna Shields Bruce.
Mildred.
Georgiana.
Will E. Bruce.
Mrs. Nancy Shields Bruce.
Harry.
Darwin Alfred.
Mrs. Polly Burke.
Fred.
Sadie.
James R. Cherry.
Mrs. Leonia Cherry.
Willard.
Mrs. Prudence Huggins Clark.
Belle Cleveland.
John Coulter.
Mrs. Nancy Ellis Maxwell Coulter.
W. James.
Mrs. Belle Cowan Coulter.
Charles.
Joseph Crosier.
Mrs. Joseph Crosier.
Joseph.
Louise.
Maud.
* Mrs. Hattie Fairley Crum.
Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson Curren.
William J.
* James W. Doig.
* Mrs. Mary Robertson Doig.
* Albert.
* Mrs. Fannie Shipley Doig.
* Cora.
* Woodworth.
Mrs. Horace Edgerton.

* Fannie Fairchild.
Mrs. Jane McMurray Fairley.
Mrs. Margaret Fairley Ferguson.
Mr. Lemuel Fitch.
Mrs. Lemuel Fitch.
Charles.
George H. Gilmore.
Mrs. Belle Reid Gilmore.
* Reid.
* Willard.
Georgia.
Edith.
Lansing.
J. Alvan Goodrich.
Mrs. Ida Cammeyer Goodrich.
Louise.
Thomas C. Gregory.
Mrs. Thomas C. Gregory.
* Irene.
* Thomas C.
Russell.
Theron S.
David S. Gray.
Mrs. Jean Wallace Gray.
William Hale.
Mrs. Maria Smith Hale.
Fannie M.
Martin Hanks.
Mrs. —— Cook Hanks.
Marshall.
William.
Warren.
Mrs. Sarah Taylor Haskins.
Mrs. Jane Doig Hedges.
Paul.
Mrs. Clara Gleason Hedges.
* Oliver Hill.
* Mrs. Lydia Shields Hill.
Mrs. James Hill.
* Alfred J.
Mrs. Catherine Reed Johnson.
Margaret Johnson.
Eliza Johnson.
Edward G. Johnston.
Mrs. Mary E. Holt Johnston.

Johnston] Ida.
Charles.
Mrs. Mary Perkins Johnston.
Maggie.
John King.
* John S.
* Mrs. Margaret Coulter King.
Julia.
Frances.
Margaret Keys.
* George Liddle.
* Mrs. George Liddle.
* George H.
Will E.
Mrs. Katherine Munson Liddle.
E. Gerster.
* Mrs. Louise Liddle Smith.
* Henry.
* Carleton.
George Mahaffy.
Mrs. Lizzie Shields Mahaffy.
Clarence.
* Mrs. Margaret Mahaffy.
* Sarah.
* Margaret A.
* D. Alexander.
* Harriet M.
Mrs. Sarah Lambert Martin.
Harriet Mead.
Robert McClarty.
Mrs. —— Maclin McClarty.
* David J.
Robert J.
William.
* Mark.
Daniel.
Lizzie.
Samuel.
Bertha.
Mrs. McCoy.
* Mrs. Belle Hunter McDowell.
Robert McDowell.
Mrs. Robert McDowell.
Elizabeth.
Fred. Miller.

Alexander McKinney.
Mrs. Jennie McGeoch McKinney.
Harold.
Mrs. Emma Allen McKinney.
Willard.
Oscar McKolt.
Mrs. Maud Haskins McKolt.
A. Van Tile McMillan.
Mrs. Mary Wilson McMillan.
* John.
Sarah McMorris.
Laura McMorris.
* Margaret Miller.
Mrs. Mary McCoy Monroe.
Mrs. Charlotte Madison More.
Theresa.
Nettie.
* Mrs. Ellen Shields Noble.
John Oliver.
Mrs. Jennie Ferris Oliver.
James Norton.
* J. Merton.
* Joseph.
Jennie.
Anna.
Mary.
George Orcutt.
Mrs. Mary Hall Orcutt.
Anna Mary.
Essie J.
George Henry.
Edgar W. Philo.
Mrs. Cora Rosecrans Philo.
Ernest.
Mildred.
William Pierce.
Mrs. Rachel McAllister Pinkerton.
John R.
Rachel.
Belle.
Sarah.
Mary.
Carrie.
Timothy Potter.
Franc.
John Parrish.
William Prescott.
Mrs. Lena McMorris Prescott.
Marjorie.
Joseph Qua.
Harvey.
Mrs. Anna Coulter Qua.
Coulter.
Henry.
Lena.
Baby.
* James Randles.
* Mrs. Mary Coulter Randles.
* Helen.
* George.
Mrs. Grace Christie Rea.
Mrs. Matilda McCoy Riley.
David Roberts.
Mrs. Jennie Jones Roberts.
Elizabeth.
Abner Robertson.
* James W. Robertson.
* Mrs. Kate Rice Robertson.
Harvey.
Mrs. Jessie McQueen Robertson.
* George.
* Andrew.
* Mrs. Martha McClarty Robertson.
* Mrs. Maria McMillan Rogers.
Mrs. Honoria Rogers.
John Shaw.
Mrs. Jennie Underwood Shaw.
Charles A.
Jennie U.
Archie Shaw.
* Jay Sherman.
* Mrs. Margaret McClarty Sherman.
* G. Wilson Sherman.
James Shields.
Mrs. James Shields.
* Robert.
Mrs. Jennie Hunter Shields.
* James.
Lizzie Shields.

Fred. Spaulding.
Mrs. Belle Beebe Spaulding.
Ralph.
Sarah M. Stafford.
David Craig Stewart.
Mrs. Anna Clark Stewart.
Anna Marie
Marguerite Bruce.
Mrs. George Wadsworth.
Margaret.
* Mrs. Sarah Wadsworth Martin.
* Kate.
Philip Washburn.
Mrs. Mary Wilson Washburn.
George Webb.
Mrs. Ella Maxon Webb.

[Webb]
Harold.
Leo.
Fred.
Earl.
Jennie Wickham.
De Witt Williams.
Mrs. Matilda Dennison Williams.
Mrs. John Winning.
Ellen.
Martha.
* Mrs. Anna Winning Beattie.
John.
Carson.
* William.
Alfred M. Young.
Mrs. Mary Newton Young.

MINISTERS.

Rev. James Proudfit, D.D. (Pastor).
" Alexander Proudfit, D.D.(Pastor).
" Alex. Proudfit.
" John Wms. Proudfit, D.D.
" Robert Proudfit.
" Alexander Proudfit, D.D.
" John Beattie.
" James M. Matthews, D.D.
" James Lillie, D.D. (Pastor).
" John B. Steele, D.D.
" Wm. McMurray, D.D.
" Stephen N. Rowan.
" Wm. Cruikshank.
" John C. Cruikshank.
" Ebenezer Halley, D.D. (Pastor).
" Eben. Halley, D.D.
" James Stevenson.
" Paul Eugene Stevenson, D.D.
" John D. Wells, D.D.
" Richard H. Steele, D.D.
" Thomas B. Farrington (Pastor).
" John Crawford.

Rev. James M. Crawford.
" Charles Thompson.
" James S. Stevenson.
" Jas. C. Forsyth, D.D. (Pastor).
" James R. Doig.
" Wm. Irwin, D.D.
" Geo. Beattie.
" David M. McClellan.
" David Lytle.
" Mr. Dysart.
" Mr. French.
" Wm. A. Mackenzie (Pastor).
" Thomas H. Mackenzie.
" G. Hale Getty.
" Charles T. White.
" Albert G. Todd.
" Jas. Gibson Robertson.
" Herbert C. Hinds.
" Wm. T. McMichael.
" Peter C. Robertson.
" Wm. H. Robertson.
" George Robertson.

Rev. Daniel McCurdy Safford.

ELDERS.

William Thompson.
James Matthews.
John Rowan.
James McFarland.
Matthew McWhorter.
James Stevenson.
Thomas Collins.
John Steele.
John McMurray.
John Beaty.
Thomas Stevenson.
Isaac Getty.
George McWhorter.
James B. Stevenson.
David B. Thompson.
Hugh Thompson.
Ira Carswell.
Joseph Clark.
Wm. C. Safford.
Earl P. Wright.
William Edgar.
James G. Gillis.
William Chamberlain.
Robert Stewart.
David H. Safford.
Peter H. Cruikshank.

TRUSTEES.

Alexander Webster.
John Graham.
Matthew McWhorter.
Alexander McNish.
Andrew Lytle.
Thomas Beaty.
Robert Stewart.
Isaac Getty.
David Thompson.
John McMurray.
John Beaty.
Abner Carswell.
John McAllister.
James McFarland.
Peter Cruikshank.
Thomas Stevenson.
Joshua Steele.
Ebenezer Martin.
David Matthews, Jr.
Abner Austin.
George Stewart.
John McNaughton.
John Crary.
John McFarland.
Robert Boyd.
Ira Carswell.
John Rowan.
John Lytle.
James Tomb.
Thomas S. Stevenson
Andrew Anderson.
Hugh Thompson.
William H. Stewart.
James G. Gillis.
David McFarland.
John B. Fairley.
James H. Carswell.
Ebenezer McMurray.
William McKie.
John H. Beattie.
John Stewart.
Pliny F. Park.
Ebenezer Beattie.
William McFarland.
Peter Cruikshank.
Thomas S. Steele.
John Edwards.
Daniel McCleary.
Thomas Stevenson.
James M. Thompson.
Robert M. Stevenson.
William Chamberlain.

TRUSTEES—*Continued.*

Ebenezer McAllister.
Alexander Robertson.
James A. McFarland.
Joseph Stevenson.
John McMillan.
William C. Safford.
John McKinney.
John Coulter.
Edwin McNaughton.
William J. Beaty.
John S. Beattie.
James H. Chamberlain.

Scraps Saved from Scattering.

Read by R. Gregory.

It is striking how often the number seven—which has the reputation of standing for perfection—appears in our Church history.

On the 27th day of August, 1867, the centennial of the congregation was celebrated. That was thirty years ago. For a self-evident reason the speaker was not present that day. It was *before* his day. But he has been told that valuable facts were then brought to light by Dr. Asa Fitch, well known in the scientific world. These facts were carefully preserved by him. "Being dead, he yet speaketh"—speaketh in living words to us now, 1897; for hear how he ends his paper:

"Long live the old White Church in Salem! And when the last of its present members shall lie beneath the sod, and our spirits have returned to God who gave them—when the deeds of this present time shall furnish the materials of history—may it be the lot of a future chronicler, upon scanning the materials which we shall leave . . . may it be his lot to record that we were worthy of the precious heritage which it is our privilege to enjoy."

I will not take to myself the title of "chronicler;" but, as a representative of the present generation, at the end of the nineteenth century, I will endeavor to catch a few echoes from the end of the eighteenth, and project them, so that the twentieth, when it comes, may carry on the refrain.

As a specimen of the quaint, hear the following entry:

"*Resolved*, That the keys of the Church be kept by James A. McFarland, Esq., and no person be permitted to

take the same without the authority of the trustees; and also that the bell only be rung by Alvah Wright for the purpose of divine worship and at funerals; and the gates be not opened for any other purposes except for the accommodation of some member of the congregation who has an interest in the Church, as pew-holder or otherwise."

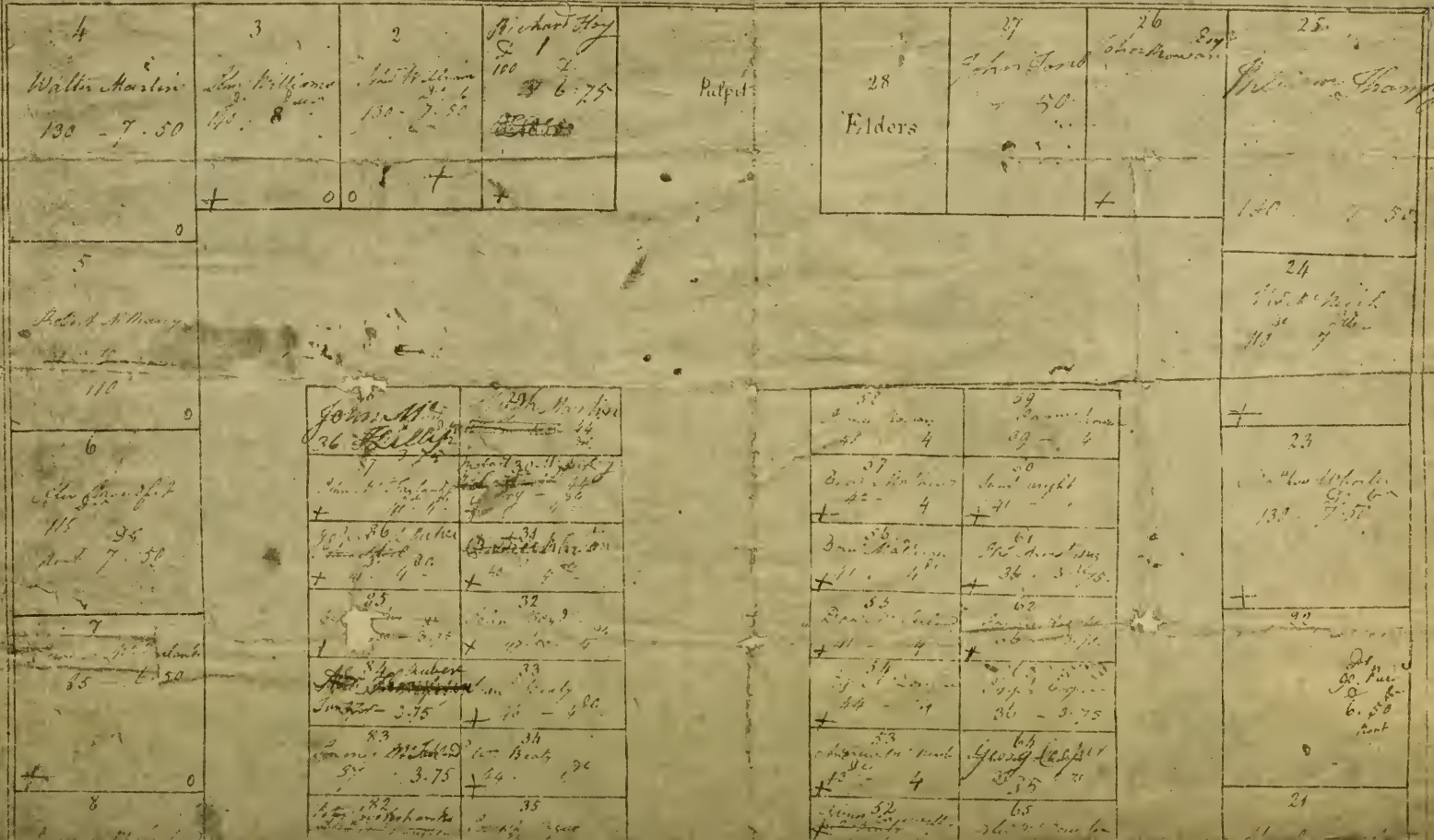
And what do you think of this?—

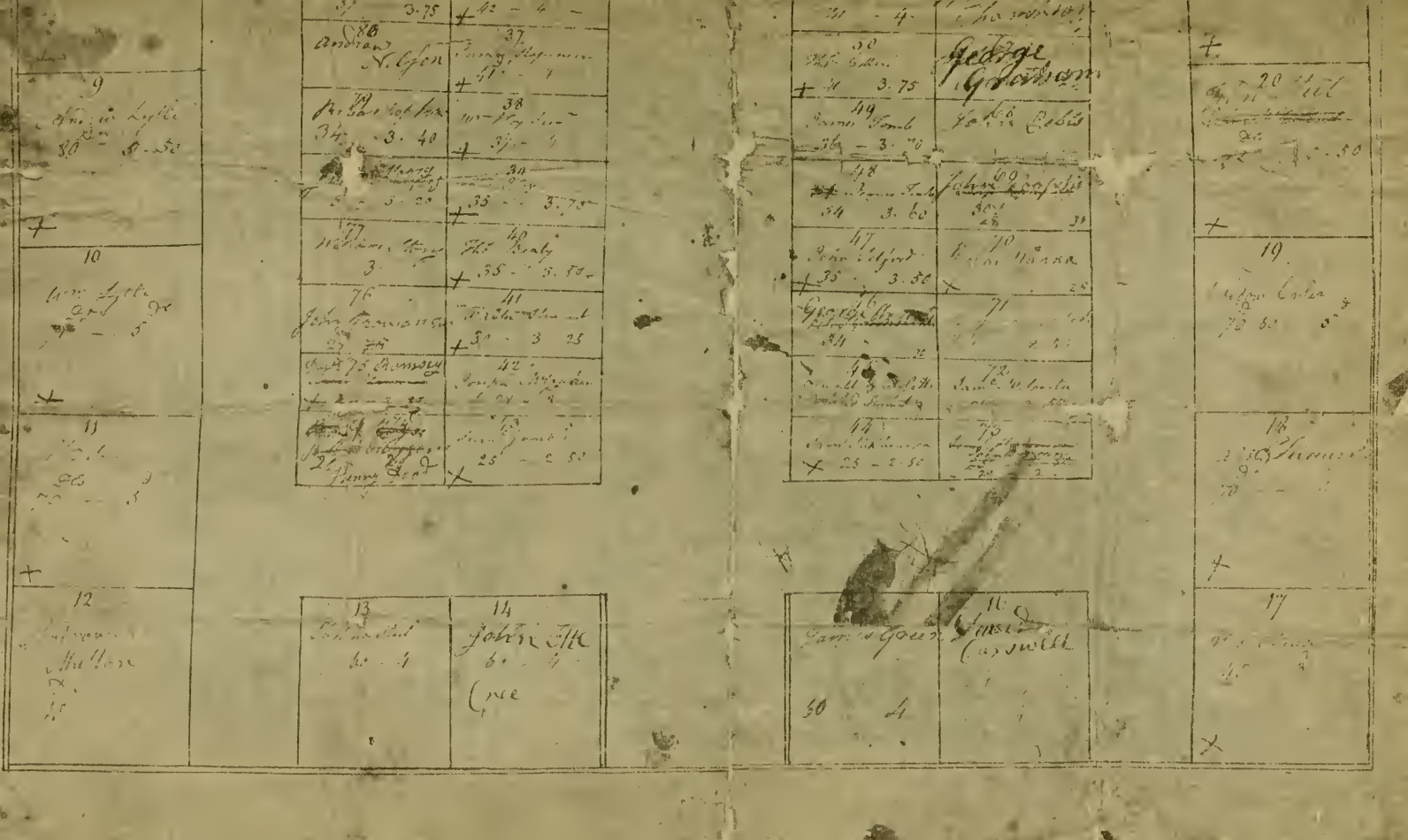
"At a meeting, March, 1843, of the *male* members of the congregation, it was *Resolved*, That the sexton be directed to keep order in the lobby during service on the Sabbath; and, if unable to do so himself, to *call* on the trustees for assistance."

We are not aware whether these officers ever had to be called upon or not. There was an occasion, by the way, on which a disturbance was created at the *other* end of the house of worship. This story is not recorded in the "minutes," however; the oldest inhabitant vouches for it:

Rev. Ebenezer Halley owned a dog named *Capers:* a little fat, black dog. The animal always accompanied him when he went to preach, and slept during the service. The pulpit was very high, and there was a long flight of steps leading down from the platform. Capers slept too near the edge: he dreamed, he moved, he rolled from the top of the flight to the bottom; how he must have howled! What his master did is forgotten. Also whether the children laughed; they may to-night: this is not the Sabbath nor a formal solemn meeting.

Salem's village, with its churches, has been remarkable from the beginning for its lavishness in sending forth its sons. The process began only a score and a half years from the time when the colony from Ballibay settled here. Gen. Walter Martin headed a band of young men with


4
Walter Martin
130 - 7.50
3
2
Richard Hay
160
6.75
Pulpit
28
Elders
27
26
25
5
110
24
23
6
115
7
65 - 3.50
8
22
21
20
19
18
17
16
15
14
13
12
11
10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1



their families and established himself and them at Martinsburgh, Lewis County, this State. Far and wide have others gone, in a continuous succession of departures, by twos and threes or singly. But in a wider field of influence they have made a wider mark for good than had they here remained.

Merely as one example of the clerical element, we instance Rev. John Crawford from this vicinity, who for nearly forty years has been telling the good news of the Saviour in the ancient city of Damascus.

The young men have always been called upon to take an active part in Church operations. For one reason, it was not until very lately that it was considered seemly for the women to speak in public. The former always *used* to respond. Listen to what was in the Church archives:

"At a meeting of the congregation, October, 1793: It was voted that all young men attending on public ordinances shall pay one dollar per year."

1841.—"*Resolved*, That Robert Stewart, Josephus Fitch, Robert McMurray, Wm. C. Boyd, be a committee to solicit from the young men of this congregation subscriptions for repairing the Church."

These youths not only did their work as a committee, gathering all the money required, but they themselves subscribed sums ranging from one hundred dollars to five (only one of the last amount); most of them gave fifty and twenty-five dollars apiece.

To silence the pessimists among us who declare that the congregation is running down and dying out, we wish to observe that former trustee, Capt. James Thompson, who was in office for over twenty-five consecutive years, has furnished a list of eighty families of the old stock, still represented, who assemble in this sanctuary from

week to week. The family *name* of these has not in every case been transmitted, but the same blood runs through their veins, the same spirit animates them.

It would be interesting to gather in all the items extant, regarding those who have gone out into the world, also those who are even now "serving their generation by the will of God," here and there—from New Hampshire to Florida, from Brooklyn to Los Angeles.

Will not some energetic person take the hint and make it his business to do this?

Then, if the septi-centennial ever should come to be observed, there will be abundant data from which to draw.

An Appeal to Father Time and Imagination.

By C. H. McFarland.

Time! Father Time! Canst thou not hear?
O lend to us thy listening ear—
Give *us* this hour.
Open the windows to mem'ries old,
Hold back the veil—let our eyes behold—
Hast thou no power?

Thou wast here in the long, long ago—
Eye-witness of that we would know—
Plead we in vain?
Show us those faces of Age and Youth,
Early champions for God and Truth—
Bring them again.

Speak! long silent, unwritten years
Voicing those grand old pioneers
From Ballibay;
Who kneeling prayed, while morning sun
Witnessed to Heaven, a work begun
To last for aye.

Then shall their evening song of praise
Reach us in echoing, joyful lays
And glad acclaim.
Here we will build—an altar lay
Where we may worship God alway—
"Praise ye His name."

A century its debt hath paid,
Of life and death, since first was laid
Our Corner-stone.
And children's children thrice have blessed
A father's God and here confessed
Him, God alone.

Firm her foundations, now as then,
And strong her bulwarks are, as when
Thus early made;
Type of God's mercy, love and grace
To sinful men, His blood bought race
Whose debt he paid.

So may it evermore remain
Till He on earth shall come to reign,
Peace to defend.
And all the ransomed of the Lord
Shall praise His name with one accord
Time without end.

As in His courts we waiting stand
Beneath His consecrating hand
Our vows we pay
To Him who rules all earth and spheres,
And unto whom a thousand years
Are as one day.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN PARSONAGE

"The Present."

By Rev. Mr. Turnbull.

I think myself happy to be with you this evening, and there are two good reasons why I should occupy but little of your time: The first is, that the committee that so kindly invited me to say a word this evening suggested that I should occupy but little time; and the second is, that the fitness of things indicates the time. I am to speak of "The Present." The present, as compared with the past or as compared with the future, is very brief indeed. You know the past includes all time that has gone by, and the future includes all time that is to come; while the present is that infinitesimally small point on which we now stand. Indeed, the present since I began to speak to you has slipped away into the past. So, in accordance with the fitness of things, what I have to say should be very brief.

The text before us to-day and this evening has been this building in which we meet to-night. What I have to say refers to the present. I have lived more to-day with the congregation that meets in this building than with the building itself. I prefer to speak of the spirit rather than of the body. And yet, as I walked around Zion to-day, in accordance with the divine command, viewing the towers, there is one thing that impressed me, as I looked at this old building, and that was its excellent foundation; and I thought that had very much to do with its having lasted a hundred years and towards its present good condition; for we all know that, if it had been built upon a poor foundation, it would never have stood these tests of years. And, as I thought of this Church, with its present power and influence for good, and the influence for good which

it has been exerting in all these past years, and looked for the cause, I attributed it largely to that fact, that it was built upon a rock. It was well built, not only with reference to the foundation which was originally laid, but I concluded too, as I looked over this building this afternoon, that it had been well built in that the structure had been put together in such a way as to make it permanent. And so I thought with reference to this Church: there have been master builders here, men who have not built with hay, wood, and stubble, but those who have taken the Word of God and used it in such a way as to erect a structure here which shall last and which has exerted a mighty influence for good.

When I was told that I was to speak of the present, I wondered why you had asked me to speak on that subject; and one thing that came into my mind as a reason and suggested itself was, that it was possibly because I had been longer acquainted with your present pastor than any other of the members of the Argyle Presbytery, and that you, on this auspicious occasion, thought it not out of place that I have a word to say with reference to the present outlook in this crisis; and I congratulate you, my dear friends, on the union that has been formed this afternoon.

I have known your pastor quite a number of years. I first met him in college, and have been acquainted with him all these intervening years; and, as one who knows him, I congratulate you that you have brought into the Argyle Presbytery one who we feel will be a help to us all, and especially a great helper to the Church of Salem. Your present outlook is certainly auspicious. Everything that relates to your present that comes up to my mind to-night is of such a character as to lead us to look out into the future. I don't want to trespass on what my brother prophet, McEachron, has to say, but I cannot help but feel that the outlook is very encouraging.

One thing that came to my mind this afternoon, with

reference to the present, is that there is a great deal of, for lack of a better word, I will say grit in this congregation. They have certainly a great deal of moral courage when so goodly a number have come out to the session this afternoon in the midst of the driving storm. I think that spoke volumes for this people. And then, too, I know that you are a people not easily dissuaded from the house of God. All these things speak well for you. Then, with reference to the pleasant associations. You had to-day the assistance and help of your neighboring churches; and I thought, this afternoon, as we partook of the bountiful meal which you provided, that it spoke much for the spirit of unity that pervades the churches in this village. It was not always thus. I do not speak with reference to Salem, but in many places you know it was not always thus. How often it has been that there have been controversies between the different congregations. It is pleasant for our brother to come into a place where the brethren in the churches dwell together in unity.

Just let me, in closing, say this: My dear friends, you have to do with the present. And as your history is to be written, and we trust it will be in bright letters, for the next hundred years, let me say that it will be what you make it now. Do not forget that you are not to rely upon the future; you are to do your work well now. Did you ever notice that the Master's commands are given in the present, and that He makes His promises to those who do their work well now? Let us then realize that, if we are to live near God in our day and generation and leave such a record behind us that it will be helpful to others, it can only be done by doing our work well now. And God grant to this people, to all of us gathered here this evening, that we may do the work that is given us in such a way that it may be ours with all those who have gone forth from this house to meet with Him and spend eternity in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"A Glimpse of the Future."

By Rev. W. S. McEachron.

Mr. Chairman: Last Saturday evening, unlike one of the prophets of old, I was not ploughing with oxen, but I was digging in the Word, when the message came to me that I was wanted at the telephone. I made haste to the telephone, and a voice came, I don't know from where—it sounded like a voice from another world—"Will you speak of the 'Future of the "White Church," on next Tuesday evening some time?" And, fool that I was, I immediately said, "Yes, I will." A person gets so accustomed to responding to every call, and especially as, unlike our chairman, I am the son of a deacon, and therefore, when summoned to prophesy, I supposed that the inspiration would be given, and, if I was called to foretell the future, it would be revealed to me. Well, now, I have been seeking visions and revelations ever since, and they did not come until, this evening, I thought surely something would be revealed to me in regard to the future of the "White Church."

If all that Dr. Turnbull said about you is true—and perhaps there is room for argument there—if all that he said about you in the present is true, then it would not be so difficult to tell what your future may be.

Now, unlike Dr. Turnbull, I will have to speak a long time. All the speakers to-night have intimated that you are going to be here another century. If I have to foretell the future, then I am likely to speak for a hundred years, because we can only tell the days as they come.

The future of the "White Church." We use this word "church" in a great many senses nowadays. So far as I

can find—and I hope, if I am wrong, some of these D. D.'s will correct me—the Bible doesn't use the word "church" in a single instance as applying to the building. We have the word in the New Testament as including the whole body of Christian believers, all who were Christ's; and we have it also with reference to particular congregations, like the Church at Corinth: but I do not think we have the word used with reference to the building itself, called the house of God, the meeting-place of God with His people.

Now, if I were to speak of the future of the Church in the sense of the body of Christian believers themselves, to whom the Word of God is committed, and who are to hold that Word forth, then I would say that this Church will be in the future, what it has been in the past—a guide and a light to men. The outlook from some standpoints is dark, but yet we are not lacking in a sense of hope. Everywhere, on the religious horizon, the coming of the saints of our country, the deep religious instincts of the human heart, the splendid past victories of the Church, and, above all, the divine promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, forbid our forecasting a dark or gloomy outlook. The world has proclaimed the death of the Church over and over again; again and again the seal has been fixed and the watch has been placed at her supposed grave. But again and again the Church has come forth in the power of her resurrection of life, to make new conquests in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. No merely natural force can hurt her spirit, no heresies, however cancerous, will ever eat away all her creed, and no attacks of skepticism will ever overthrow her power. The Church of the future has the same foundation-rock as the Church of the past—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

But perhaps I am expected to speak of the building. It is a centennial building. The human mind naturally is interested in places, not so much for their own sake as for

the sake of associations connected with them. All religions have their sacred places. The Jew cannot forget Jerusalem; the Mohammedan venerates the holy Mecca; and every true child of God holds sacred the place where he has met with his Christian brethren to worship the common Father, to express his love and devotion to the common Saviour. We love the house of God. It has been to us the gate of heaven. This man and that man are able to say, "Here was I born." A day in God's house is better than a thousand. Thus the Church stands as a witness; I believe that this Church stands as a witness; and I am in the building as a witness to the presence of Almighty God in this community. It is here God has promised to meet with His people. Here has been the meeting-place of hearts with God. And, as a witness of the presence of God in this community, the piety of the Church will be evidenced by their care of God's house; and, so far as I can see, if you take care of this house, it may stand another hundred years. You all know that if you go through a community and see the church running down, the shingles loose, the clapboards flapping, the window-panes out, the paint coming off, you need no one to tell you that religion is at a low ebb in that community; you know very well that the will of the Lord is not being done by many people there. But where God's people have that regard for the place of meeting that they care for it, it is one of the best evidences of their piety. And so I simply say that I believe that, whether we speak of you as a congregation of people, or the house, the meeting-place with God, there is a bright future before you, with splendid prospects and glorious hopes.

God, in His providence, has removed from you one who so long held forth the truth; but God, in His kind providence, has brought to you another, under whom, supported and sustained with unfaltering loyalty and faithful devotion, you will preserve the best traditions of this work

REV. DAVID CRAIG STEWART

Installed 1897

of the Church; you will broaden and deepen its beneficent spirit; you will make it even more than ever before the place of nourishment and refreshment for the struggling, toiling, weary souls—a place of discipline and inspiration for all the strong and courageous and hopeful souls that come beneath its roof; and, until you cease to be, you will love this place. Forgetting, then, the things which are behind, press forward toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, for from it are the best things and grandest things. The glorious hope of the Church is beyond in the future. Bright is that future. And may we rise, and all of the people of God, to the blessed privileges and responsibilities just now before us.

Address by Rev. Dr. E. P. Sprague.

Gentlemen, Christian Friends, and Neighbors: The younger sister, the "Brick Church," sends her greetings and congratulations to-night to her elder sister, the "White Church." And sisters, as they are, in the Presbyterian faith, we are not dissatisfied that one says the other is the elder, for we are not ashamed of years to-night, but rather glory in them. I say the younger sister. It is emphatically true, if we refer, as we do so largely to-night, to Church buildings. It comes very close to being the twin sister, if we use the word in its strictly biblical sense to-night; for the old New England congregation, as it was called, dates back just about as many years as the life of this Scotch congregation, as it used to be called in this town, that was then called by the one people New Perth, and by the other White Creek. Had the fires dealt as gently

with the old New England congregation as they did with the Scotch congregation, it might have been a Church a hundred years old that stands on that other spot to-night. But three times the Church building erected there has been destroyed by fire. I count it as something very pleasant that we might join in a measure in your celebration, and have the gladness and pleasure and profit of having you with us at the other Church building between services; for these two Churches and congregations have been long close together all through these hundred years and more.

We are speaking of Church edifices. Let me add just a word or two in the line of history, to show the appropriateness of our drawing together to-night, because we have been giving one to the other all through these years. Away back, a hundred years and more ago, the first Church edifice erected in this village was, as you have been told, the little log meeting house down in the southern part of the village. Do you know what became of that log meeting house? The New England congregation had started and partly finished their first meeting house almost on the exact spot where the "Brick Church" stands to-day; and when your ancestors built their second building, the one that stands on the top of the hill, the logs of that first meeting house were taken, and more than half of them used to form a stockade around the New England congregation's meeting house, which was turned thus into a fort and used for defence. During the Revolutionary War the two congregations met together in that log meeting house and united in making that their meeting house and fort. And I say, one Church and one congregation has been giving to another through all these years.

You go back a hundred years for the building of this Church, and mention has been made of the one who was most influential in building this Church edifice. And the

one who did the most therefore and helped it on the most, and whose name may well be mentioned, as it has been here to-night, was a trustee of the other congregation and had been a leader and influential man all through the years in the other congregation. He gave his daughter to be the wife of the pastor here, and, when the daughter came here, Gen. Williams came also here. You gave the logs of the first meeting house to us to help us turn our Church into a fort, and we gave the first, and head one, of our trustees to you, to help build this meeting house and to give you the support of all these hundred years of the sons who have followed him and have upheld his name.

May I add only just one more word? There come to my mind remembrances of the past, as this is not only the centennial celebration of the building of this Church, but there have been to-day the services of the installation of your pastor. I remember very well the other installation services of my own and of your other pastors here; and looking back over the days that are past, I lift up unto God an earnest plea and prayer, and murmur the prayer called up by those days with hope for the days that are to come. I remember well the first winter that followed my installation as pastor of yonder Church, and the revival services in which Brother Forsyth and myself shared here and there. I remember and thank God for the services of the first winter that followed Rev. Mr. Mackenzie's installation as pastor in this Church, and the revival services that followed here and there. And I pray God that this Church, within its walls, and that Church, within its walls, may see a like blessing following the installation services of a pastor in one of these Churches: that this winter we may together worship and praise God and rejoice as souls are born into His kingdom, into His Church on earth and into the Church that endureth forever and praiseth Him forever.

Address by Rev. R. D. Williamson.

Mr. Chairman: I would like to bring you the congratulations of a sister Presbytery, the Albany Presbytery, the nearest one to the Argyle Presbytery; and, while I think that I am the only representative of that Presbytery here to-night, I know that all the congregation of that Presbytery, if they could be represented here to-night, would congratulate you on this one hundreth anniversary of this Church. Does it not seem somewhat strange that we should congratulate people on getting old? It is not the usual thing. We usually extend pity and compassion to those who grow old, because there is a feebleness connected with it, a kind of a breaking down or breaking up. But in this case there is nothing of that kind. There are no indications, so far as I can see, either on the outside of this building or on the inside of it, of any feebleness. Taking this Church building, and considering the history we have had of it here to-night, and looking at the Church building as we see it here to-night, I think that we can safely say that this Church has been growing more beautiful. Evidently the additions which have been made to it have beautified it, have made it so that you can worship in it more satisfactorily. And, as we look around to-night and see these inscriptions on the gallery, when we see nature brought in to adorn the house of God, when we see our National emblem here before us, it is something unusual when we remember this old Church as it was a hundred years ago. It is doubtful whether the old flag was brought in then; it is doubtful whether there could have been any flowers taken into the Church on that occasion. And so, to-night, I think that the Church is becoming more and more beautiful. And, when we see these beautiful flowers on the platform and see nature adorning the holy house of the Lord, we are glad to see that nature is brought in to help beautify God's house. We make our homes beauti-

ful; but should not our Church be more beautiful? It is where we meet with God; it is where we meet together to receive His benediction; and if there is any one place on the earth that ought to be made beautiful, it is the Lord's house. And I think this congregation to-night ought to be congratulated on the beauty of their Church edifice.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Address by Rev. G. C. Morhouse.

I have been trying to imagine all day, as I have been here in this service, what it must mean to you people; and it is only in imagination that I can reach anything like what it must mean. I appreciate that thought of our brother, that we associate our spiritual experience with places. We are in some ways so constituted that we are bound by the limits of places. I have not had the experience of a long dwelling-place and a church home as you have. I left the church in which I had my spiritual birth in the early days of my spiritual experience, and I have had thirteen church homes in these years that have since passed. But I think of you, sitting here to-night, inside these sacred walls, a hundred years old—five generations. Why, it must be wonderful; the impression must be glorious that comes to the minds, especially of these older people to-day. What experiences, what thrilling sensations accompanying those experiences, must come home to your hearts. I congratulate you that you have had the privileges of this Church home inside these sacred walls all these years; and you ought to be grateful to-night, and I believe you are grateful, that God has protected your dwelling-place from the devouring elements, and that it is preserved to you through all these decades. You know

that the congregation that I represent here, in these years, has erected three church edifices. They have been, as my brother has suggested concerning the other church, at least one of them, destroyed by fire. God has dealt very kindly with you; His providence has been over you, and surely your history, not merely in material things, but in spiritual thing and in the upbuilding of character, has been a remarkable and glorious one.

And, in conclusion, I want to join, from my heart, in the hope expressed by Dr. Sprague in his closing remarks. I do hope and pray, my dear brother, that your coming to this people and your being installed over this people and this Church may be followed by an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon this community; that we pastors, working together under the manifestations of the Divine Spirit and in the unity of the spirit and bond of peace and under this gracious divine influence that will come down upon our ministry, may, each of us, be privileged to see, in the months that are before us, a harvest here that shall make glad our hearts. I congratulate you on the exercises and the associations and the influences of this day.

Address by Rev. A. W. Morris.

I think I should be very ungrateful indeed if I did not say a word on this occasion. It has been very seldom in my life that I have enjoyed a meeting as I have the one to-day. I have been here and been entertained, where I had nothing to do, and, consequently, no nervous strain, and I have enjoyed it to the full.

I think the people of this congregation certainly have not only a right to be congratulated most heartily to-day,

but certainly there is something in connection with this celebration that should call from each heart here profound gratitude to Almighty God, not only that your building has been preserved for a hundred years, but that this day—which indicates something, I take it, of the spiritual life of the congregation—has been so agreeably observed, and that you are so full to-night of spiritual life. From what I know of the parties forming a union here to-day, I cannot help but believe that the future is bright. I have known something of the Salem congregation for more than twenty-two years, and I have failed ever to find anything unfavorable of them. I don't know that I ought to tell you how long I have known your pastor, for fear he might think he is older than he is. I have known him for at least twenty-seven years; and away back in the heavy end of the '60's and the beginning of the '70's he and I used to tumble around at a fearful rate to get over Greek roots and mathematical problems. And I don't think that you ought to judge him by the top of his head: he has a heart that is very large, as I think you will find as he gets along in his life among you. I have always known him very favorably, and he suggested to me the other day that I had been removed from the position of addressing the pastor to-day because I knew too much about him. I could not have said anything bad about him if I had wanted to do so. And I hope that the union that has started out so well may be long, and that a great spiritual blessing will not only come to this congregation, as has been expressed by a co-pastor here, but will come to the whole community and to every church in the village.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

Address by Mr. Skellie.

I was invited here to attend this centennial and to make a few remarks; but I could not put into language the joy

I have had in attending the meetings to-day. And, to show you the interest I felt in your centennial, as I had other business which had to be attended to in the forepart of the day, I had to start at three o'clock in the morning and drive twenty miles in the rain before I took the train.

The first thing I shall say is, that I miss my dear old pastor, Dr. Gordon, and I call to your remembrance this dear one of your Presbytery. I stand here as one of his children—as it were, the first one, if I remember right—that was taken into the church at Coila after he was connected with that church, about forty years ago.

Now, what I was invited here for particularly to speak of upon this occasion was this: In the good providence of God, two weeks ago, this afternoon, I was invited to attend a pastors' convention in New York City in regard to holding a day of prayer and fasting all over the United States in every evangelical church. Having been invited there to take part with those pastors, although a layman, I was invited by the chairman of the committee to use my influence in stirring up the congregations near where I was located, that they might all partake in this important work, by meeting on to-morrow afternoon, between two and five o'clock, to pray for the outpouring of God's Spirit throughout the United States; that they may be revived, that God's blessing may rest upon us, that a revival of His work may commence in the hearts of His own beloved children, that we may look forth during the coming season to one of the most important revivals of God's work ever known upon this continent.

I went to Greenwich on yesterday to stir up the pastors there as well as I might to take hold of this work. I informed them in Cambridge on Saturday. I have arranged with the pastors of this vicinity to meet at Mr. Graham's Church to-morrow afternoon at the hour spoken of.

I wish to add that, if this congregation wishes one of the greatest blessings it ever knew, it will not be unmindful of

the fact that to-morrow is one of the most important days in the history of the United States, as it is appointed to be a day of fasting and prayer for one of the most important works that ever took place. Now, if we will all engage in prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit, that we ourselves, individually, may have God's work revived in our hearts, there is no trouble whatever about the unconverted.

REV. JAMES C. FORSYTHE, D. D.

1858–1870

"Reminiscences."

By James C. Forsyth.

Dear Friends: As I find it out of my power to be present in person and occupy a few minutes in giving some informal reminiscences of this venerable building—which has stood unmoved for one hundred years, and bids fair to do good service for one hundred years to come—I will, with your permission, speak by letter of some of the memories I still cherish and of events which transpired during my twelve years' pastorate of the old "White Church."

At the date of my call, April, 1858, this building stood very much as it came from the hands of your noble and self-denying fathers and mothers, who, with no little toil and expenditure of hard-earned money, built this temple in the wilderness in which to worship God, with no one to fear or to molest. It was beautiful in its stability and rugged simplicity, and by no means devoid of architectural symmetry, as is manifest this day.

Its floors were then uncarpeted, its pews uncushioned; and the melody of its music, as rendered by loving hearts and willing lips in Rouse's rugged version of David's Psalms, was "unadulterated" with organ notes, then regarded by many with abhorrence.

During the interval which elapsed between the making out of the call and my installation, the building was painted without and within, the floors were carpeted and the seats cushioned, and the Church put in that neat and attractive condition in which it remained during my pastorate, with some added repairs immediately preceding the centennial of the Church's establishment in Salem: for which repairs the Church is indebted to some of her earnest and faithful female workers.

At the beginning of my pastorate the Church passed through a crisis: to which, at this distant day, I may be permitted to

advert as one of the important "reminiscences" of that period. The subject of a union between the Associate Reformed Church and the Associate Church had been agitated for more than twenty years. At the meeting of the Associate Reformed General Synod, which was held in the City of New York in May, 1857, the basis of union had been accepted by this body; and at the subsequent meeting of the General Synods of both Churches, held in the City of Pittsburg, Pa., the following year, the union was consummated with great joy and thanksgiving.

This Church did not look with favor on the union; and after I was called, and before I was installed, a meeting of the congregation was called, and a resolution was passed—how unanimously I do not know—declaring that they would not go into the union. The subject created both discussion and feeling, and at the beginning of my pastorate there was not perfect union in the Church on the subject. But as we were in the union by the action of our supreme judicatory, and could not get out of it without great danger of tearing the Church asunder, my advice was that we remain quiet, and cease to agitate the subject until we saw whether we were to be disturbed in the enjoyment of our Christian liberty; and if we were, we could then act intelligently and unitedly.

Happily this line of action was adopted. Peace ensued, prosperity followed. And now that more than a generation has passed, *with these two diverse elements* ever residing in your midst, the wisdom of that course will not be called in question by any.

The roll of the Church membership, as well as I was able to make it out, in 1858, consisted of one hundred and sixty-four members; and the worship of the Church was in all respects, as to its order, as it was in the old Church in her native home beyond the seas, with the sole exception that "lining out" in the praise service had been dropped.* On the Saturday preceding the communion Sabbath, tokens (a piece of *lead* with A. R.

* This custom consisted in the chorister reading two lines, which were sung by the congregation; then two more were read, and sung. And this continued till the Psalm was sung.

stamped on it) were distributed by the pastor to the communicants present. And it is a pleasant memory, that, with but few exceptions, they were present at the Saturday service and received these tokens of admission to the Lord's table. On the Sabbath morning—it was *Sabbath* then, not *Sunday*—the table was spread in the front aisle; and the first duty of the elders was to receive from each member his token soon after he or she had been seated at the table. Table followed table until all the members had communed. It was a solemn and impressive mode of commemorating the death of our Divine Lord; and only want of space, on account of the narrow central aisle and the increase of our members, caused us to drop it and serve the communion to members in their pews.

But, before this, "tokens" were dropped, because there were not enough to go around, and we had outgrown that nomadic institution, which, at the time of its adoption in Scotland, might have been necessary.

I would not do justice to these "reminiscences" if I failed to speak of a memory which is very dear to me, and by which this Church was greatly strengthened in spiritual life—the Church's true strength—and the angels in heaven caused to rejoice with exceeding great joy.

The "week of prayer" was begun in the session room, on the night of the first Monday of January, 1868, and continued from night to night until the 11th of April of the same year. During all this long period the services were well attended—many coming from the country every night through snow and cold. The interest increased until we were obliged to leave the session room and occupy the body of the Church—a marked example of the power of *divine truth* to *attract* and *hold* and *save;* for during all these meetings no modern appliances were used. Outside aid, except on two or three occasions, and only for a few nights, was not called in; and the services rendered by the members of the two Presbyterian Churches—the Brick was then vacant—were purely voluntary. I never called on any one to take part. The promptings of the Spirit which they had received in answer to the prayer of faith actuated them to testify to His power to save, and of which they were

the living witnesses, was their only incentive to speak and pray, as many of them did both ably and well. Many of these testimonies were given before uniting with the Church. Of this Henry Safford was a memorable example. And I must here record with gratitude the aid given by good Deacon Atwood, of the Brick Church.

As a result of these scriptural services and of the labors and prayers of the good people of the two Churches, of whom I could name many (some of whom still live), at our regular spring communion twenty-five were received into the Church by confession of their faith in Christ, of whom eleven were baptized; some of these, by reason of years, were nearly ripe for the grave.

As it was manifest that this ingathering had not fully reaped the harvest, the meetings were continued each night as before, unaided from without, but aided mightily by the Spirit and workers resident in the field. Another communion was held April 11th, when fifteen more were added—fourteen by examination, five of whom were baptized. And as though God would show us His willingness to give us His Holy Spirit when we ask and are ready to receive, those were added at our June communion; but, six weeks later, *twelve* more *members* were added—nine by examination, six of whom were baptized.

The immediate result of this blessed visit of the Spirit in response to the *faith*, *labors* and *prayers* of God's people was fifty-nine added to this Church by a confession of their faith in Christ. As evidence that this movement was of the *Spirit*, I am glad to say that during my pastorate those who came into the Church at this time proved their "*faith by their works.*"

I would be untrue to one of the very pleasant memories of this blessed life experience did I fail to refer to a feature of our spring communion which gladdend many Christian hearts, and is still fondly cherished. The "supply" for the Brick Church failing to come, on our communion Sabbath following the awakening they, in a body, came to our Church. The question then became a very practical one: Shall we invite them to *our communion?* You know that, in *theory* at least, the United Presbyterian Church is *close communion.*

By the authority of the session I invited them *all* to come and with us take their seats at the *Lord's table*, and with us banquet on His love. They did come and were glad; and the memory of that communion is sweet.

Did time permit I would gladly speak of the *Church's centennial*, when her sons and her daughters came from near and from far to honor their mother and to revive memories of years and of joys that had passed. But the record of that meeting is in your library, and almost all who participated are in the Church above.

Nor will time permit me to speak of our Evergreen Cemetery, which was begun and completed while my home was in your village, and in which interest is ever increased and deepened as, one by one, our dear ones are gathered and in that beautiful spot laid down to sleep the dreamless sleep of death.

My memories of the old "White Church" are very many and very dear, including not only the building, but those who worshiped there, many of whom are now dwellers in our Father's house above.

One closing thought I will express with pleasure and with pride, and that is, that no uncertain sound has ever been heard from the pulpit of the old "White Church." Her pastors all, both great and small—and some of them were men of renown in their day—have been true to their commission and loyal to their Master: not wise above that which is written. And the fruit has been, and is, a *united*, *prosperous* Church, and a people firm in their faith, loyal to their Church, and, through the means of grace here enjoyed, ripening for the pure joy and the blessed rest of that world of perfect love to which the Saviour, one by one, calls His ransomed family to dwell forever with *Himself*, in the enjoyment of that glory unspeakable to which He has attained as the triumphant Redeemer of man from death and the grave.

As it has been in the past, so may it ever be to the end: God, by His Truth and Holy Spirit, constantly residing in the old "White Church," to educate, to comfort, to bless, and to save.

REV. WILLIAM A. MACKENZIE

1871–1897

Letters.

The Committee of Invitation received many letters from friends at a distance, some of which were read that evening. All that was written being worthy of preservation, copious extracts have been taken, and are here subjoined.

The first was penned by Rev. William A. Mackenzie, the immediate predecessor of the pastor just installed. His words were not written with the intent of being given to the public; but who could speak more to the point concerning the old "White Church" than he, who occupied its pulpit for over a quarter of the century? The following is an extract from his letter:

I hope that the day may be one of blessing, and that it may be the beginning of a new era of prosperity to the old "White Church," and that your sanctuary, which has from the very beginning been a high throne, from which the Master has issued His orders, given His counsel, extended His sceptre, pronounced His blessing, received the sinful, comforted the sorrowing, strengthened the weak, warned the erring, lifted up the cast down, pointed to the better world and moulded and shaped therefor, laid His hand upon the little children and blessed them, and sent the bereaved with their dead to bury them out of their sight, with the comforts of His gospel in their hearts—this, and much more which I cannot now record, may the place of your sanctuary be in the one hundred years to come, as it has been in the one hundred years past—a "*glorious high throne*," from which the Master may still be the same to such as may gather within its walls.

His younger son, Wm. A. Mackenzie, Jr., a bright and thriving young lawyer, now living in Syracuse, makes this remark in his letter:

It seems hard for me to realize that my own associations with the old building extend over one-quarter of the time you celebrate.

Of all the occasions, joyful and sad, which come to my mind with the thought of the dear old place, it would be impossible for me to speak, but I would like to know what others have to say, and hope that the exercises will be fully reported.

* * * *

Rev. H. L. Singleton, D. D., whose letter follows, almost in full, had temporary charge of the congregation for several of the fall and winter months, some years ago, during the illness and consequent absence of Mr. Mackenzie:

I sincerely regret that an engagement in this city prevents me from attending the exercises of the "White Church" edifice to which you have kindly invited me.

The occasion will be not only an interesting one, but an important one. The "White Church" has a history that is in some of its aspects unique. It begins in the old country, much of which was tragic; it records a chapter of two months and a half on the boisterous waves of the Atlantic; it signalizes it as the first watch-tower of Zion erected in the wilderness of the New World north of Albany. It became the fountain source whence flowed the streams of family and ecclesiastical life that supplied and enriched the surrounding country. The lines of its history here are coincident and parallel with those of our civil and national history.

Many of her sons were bravely and heroically engaged in our Revolutionary War. Her most distinguished member—

through whose counsel and contribution mainly your present "White Church" was located and erected—on the field of battle, in the halls of legislation, in Congress, on the judiciary, contributed an important part in the achievement of our independence and the construction of our State and national commonwealths—*General John Williams.*

Under the faithful pastors of the Church generations have come and gone, from whom influences and agencies have sprung which have reached far and wide, shaping the religious life of individuals, churches, and communities.

Much and perhaps the richest part of the "White Church's" history is unwritten; but it is recorded, and will be rehearsed, in the assembly and church in the Salem above.

With my congratulations to the congregation, whose privilege it is to be the generation to celebrate the centennial,

I am fraternally yours,

H. L. Singleton.

Rev. Dr. John D. Wells, who now lives in Brooklyn, speaks for himself of his young days spent in the vicinity:

Yours of the 29th ult. is before me. I thank you for the courtesy of an invitation to the service commemorating the centennial of the "White Church" building, Salem, N. Y.

My early association with Salem makes your invitation very attractive, and it seems almost absurd to plead a multitude of years as my main reason for failing to be present on that interesting occasion. There are other reasons indeed, for I am still a busy pastor, but eighty-two years and a small fraction more hold me fast to my home and parish.

I need hardly add an expression of the hope that your centennial may be the occasion of great blessing, as well as of great interest, to the good people and pastor who worship in the venerable building.

Yours sincerely,

John D. Wells.

Next we print the kind words of one so widely known that no introduction is needed; there must only be an explanation of his connection with the little village of Salem; the postscript will explain that:

91 Park Avenue, New York, Nov. 2, 1897.

Dear Sir:

I very much regret that my engagements are such that I must deprive myself of the pleasure of accepting your valued invitation to the services commemorative of the "White Church," appointed for the 9th instant. I shall be much interested to learn of the complete success of your painstaking arrangements for illustrating an occasion of historic interest. Very respectfully and truly,

Andrew H. Green.

Messrs. F. H. Williams,
Wm. McFarland,
David H. Safford.

It occurs to me that the F. H. Williams above may be the lady with whom I have had correspondence and who is a member of our Scenic Society. If so, I trust she will accept my apology for not prefixing her proper title.

The epistle of Rev. Dr. Steele is interesting, not only from its intrinsic merit, but from the fact that some of his relatives still form part of the congregation in Salem. We will mention one—the wife of Hon. Lonson Fraser:

113 Charlotte Ave.,
Detroit, Mich., Nov. 1, 1897.

Dear Madam:

I thank you, and your associates in the committee, for the invitation to attend the services commemorating the centennial of the "White Church" building in Salem.

At an earlier season of the year it would have been pleasant for me to visit the town of Salem and enjoy the feast of good things which you are providing. But I must deny myself of the pleasure of meeting with the congregation on this interesting occasion. Yet I must send to this Church of my *fathers* my most hearty congratulations and my joy on learning of your continued prosperity.

I have pleasant recollections of that noble sanctuary in which three generations have had the privilege of worshiping.

What a noble race of men they were who stood at the front to do work for the Master. And what an array of godly ministers who have proclaimed through these years the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

The occasion will be a delightful one, and cannot fail to result in much profit to you all.

Regretting that I cannot be with you on the 9th inst., and trusting that the exercises may be all that you anticipate,

I am, yours very truly,

RICHARD H. STEELE.

The production of Rev. Dr. Scouller's pen shows an aptitude of handling wrought through long experience as a church historian. True, natural taste and genius must be behind that; read the following and you will admit that those are not lacking.

NEWVILLE, PA., NOV. 1, 1897.

Your kind invitation to attend the approaching centenary of the old "White Church" has been received; and if it were within the possibilities I would gladly do so. But long invalidism has been so weighted with years that I have become virtually housebound. It is now more than a year since I have been upon the street, and almost two since I have been to

church, and my days are far from being days of comfort, although my heart is fixed "and my mind is at peace."

My first visit to Salem was in June, 1845, when I spent a week with Dr. Halley, and preached for him twice. Since then I was often there, and have had many valued friends in that old "White Church." But Time, the tomb-builder, has, I guess, garnered them all; so that I am now personally a stranger there.

God has again and again signally blessed that old Church; and if faithful to your trust, He will bless you still, for He loves to give.

My prayer is that the past, with all its rich fruitage, may be only an earnest or first-fruit of a glorious future.

Very truly,

JAMES B. SCOULLER.

Next we have a contribution from the pen of Mrs. Wiles, a child of Dr. Halley, the fifth of the nine pastors who have had charge of the congregation in one hundred and thirty years:

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1897.

DEAR FRIENDS:

The very cordial invitation of your committee, urging my presence at the services commemorating the centennial of the "White Church" building, is at hand. I wish to thank you, most sincerely, for this kind remembrance; and were it possible for me to be absent from home on the day you have chosen for this service, be assured that nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you. I have a warm place in my heart for the Salem people and the old "White Church," for I remember that that Church was my father's first charge in this country, and it was there that he gave so many of the younger years of his life.

While circumstances will prevent my acceptance of your

REV. EBENEZER HALLEY, D. D.

1838–1848

polite invitation, I shall certainly remember the event and pray for the continual increase of the old Church and its good people. Again thanking you, I remain,

Very truly yours,

FANNY HART HALLEY WILES.

Mrs. Wiles was not born in Salem; her brother, Rev. Dr. Eben Halley, had his birth place here. Taken in the prime of manhood from earth to heaven, he shall be kept in remembrance by these words of regret and affection written by his bereaved wife:

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have just received the note of invitation from the committee of the "White Church" building, and beg leave to thank them most kindly and warmly for their desire that I should be present at their interesting exercises.

It would give me more pleasure than I can express to be in Salem on November 9th. I have heard from Dr. Halley, Sen., and my husband of their Salem days, and to which they always referred with the greatest affection. I regret, however, my inability to be one of those who shall listen to the reports and history dating over such a long period.

Congratulating you and thanking you, I am,

Most sincerely,

HENRIETTA B. HALLEY.

Mrs. Farrington, whose communication follows, lived in Salem almost ten years, in the old parsonage, while her husband preached the word, administered the sacraments,

and kept watch and ward of the "White Church" people. He died many years ago in Newburgh. Mrs. Farrington lives with her daughters in Lakewood, New Jersey.

My Dear Young Friend:

I was about writing to you when we received your invitation to the centennial of the "White Church." I am too blind to go alone, and my daughters are more occupied than usual, owing to a new association for village improvement, which leaves them no spare time. I should much have enjoyed being there, but can only send my wishes for the presence of the Holy Spirit upon pastor and people.

Please give our thanks to the committee for remembering us old friends.

God has blessed you in the past; may you have a double portion in the future: one may sow and another reap. May God have us all in His holy keeping until He takes us to Himself.

M. M. Farrington.

Tidings from the extreme north of the Presbytery came in the shape of these hopeful words of Dr. Reynolds:

Putnam, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

Your kind invitation received, for which accept my thanks. I am sorry to be unable to be with you at the "White Church's" centennial. I hope, however, there will be a generation one hundred years hence, at Salem, both godly and prosperous and tracing many of their blessings back to the old "White Church."

Yours sincerely,

J. A. Reynolds.

The writer of that which follows was the Principal of the Washington Academy for a number of years. He is now a very successful pastor of a church in a neighboring town, and not infrequently visits our village:

COHOES, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1897.

COMMITTEE OF INVITATION :

Many thanks for the request to be present at the centennial of the "White Church" building, Salem. It is a sacred spot to me. There much of the truth that was planted in the heart of my precious mother took deep root, and was then brought to me in its fruitage to prepare me to be a minister of Jesus Christ. God only knows the blessing that Church has been, not only to the town of Salem, but also to Washington County and to the whole United States. Many a devout person has thought of that consecrated place, and said, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."

I shall attend your delightful centennial services if my many engagements here shall permit.

Yours very respectfully, in Christian love,

WM. M. JOHNSON.

Rev. Dr. Fisher, whose eloquent production next appears, was settled in West Hebron, not so very many years ago; and being so near a neighbor has always been asked to share in our celebrations. Though not here in person, we fancied him present when this was read:

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1897.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATION :

It is a matter of profound regret that I am again prevented from accepting the very kind invitation to share in one of the "memorable occasions" of the historic "White Church."

An important event in my family—the marriage of my only daughter, on the day succeeding the one fixed for celebrating

the centennial of the "White Church" building—has established a monopoly of my time to the exclusion of all other interests.

I wish to assure you of the warm interest I feel in everything that concerns the history of the old "White Church." I could only have been present in spirit when the old Church was building, a fact which will hardly account for the interest; but the familiar names of the men who were there and of those who succeeded them have been household words in the homes familiar to the most of my life.

The ambition that stirred my boyish hopes found their inspirations in the living men that carved the fortunes of the Presbyterian churches (conspicuously the Associate Reformed) of the south end of Washington County. Within the sweep of the horizon of that young life, the giants in the ecclesiastical world, were the men who occupied those pulpits, foremost among whom were Drs. Proudfit, Halley, and others familiar to the most of you.

The influence of the *men of the Church* of those early generations, in determining for the young the highest and noblest careers, both in Church and State, is beyond question. May those who have succeeded to their positions be alike faithful to their obligations, and transmit the inheritance with the added lustre of nobly filled opportunities.

I am very sincerely yours,

J. R. Fisher.

Mrs. Fowler was a Miss McAllister once upon a time. She has removed far away from her childhood's home; but the mail is carried to and from Minnesota with great regularity, and brought us this warm-hearted effusion, to which we listened with delight:

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 5, 1897.

Dear Friends:

I received your kind invitation yesterday, and hasten to reply. Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than to

visit the *dear* old place once more, had circumstances been favorable. May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon all who are still members and interested in the old "White Church," where I first confessed Christ, and who has led me all the way these many years. I shall read the notice in the Salem paper of the *services* with great interest.

Thanking you for your kind remembrance of me,

I remain your friend,

S. A. Fowler.

The sons of the Church came to the front again, as they did at the congregation's centennial, also the quarter-centennial of the eighth pastor, a year ago. Letters from four of Mr. Mackenzie's young men are inserted here in the order named: Rev. Herbert C. Hinds, now in the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Albert G. Todd, Congregational, settled in Worcester, Mass.; Rev. Charles T. White, over a Presbyterian Church in Hebron; Rev. James G. Robertson, pastor of a Congregational Church in Chester, New Hampshire:

4 McPherson Terrace,
Albany, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1897.

My dear Miss W.:

It would afford me very much pleasure to attend the centennial exercises of the old "White Church," and say a few words of the future; but a previous engagement to deliver an address before the quarterly convention of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Schenectady County, at Schenectady, in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 9th, will prevent.

I regret that some meeting interferes with all your calls for a speech, and I hope that I may be able to respond to your next request.

With many thanks to you and the committee, and with best wishes for your future,

I am very cordially yours,

Herbert C. Hinds.

15 Stafford St.,
Worcester, Mass., Nov. 3, 1897.

Committee of Invitation.

My dear Friends: I consider myself highly honored in receiving an invitation to the centennial of the "White Church" building, Salem, N. Y. I truly regret that it will be impossible for me to attend the exercises connected therewith—due, in fact, to the meeting of our Ministerial Association on that date, in Bethany Church.

That the occasion may prove a spiritual uplift to the beloved Church, and entire community, is my hearty wish and earnest prayer. Cordially,

Albert G. Todd.

Hebron, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1897.

Mr. D. H. Safford.

Dear Sir: The kind invitation of the committee to attend the anniversary exercises of the "White Church" building, Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, was received three days ago. I have delayed answering in the hope of seeing my way clear to accept the invitation, but the coming week seems so far filled with special work that I am extremely doubtful whether I can allow myself the pleasure of being present.

Hoping I *can* find time to enjoy the occasion with you, I will, at least, extend my congratulations to the congregation for their past history of usefulness and service in the vineyard of the Master, hoping and praying that the future of the old "White Church" may be even brighter than the past, and that the new pastorate, so auspiciously begun, may mark an era of prosperity and rich spiritual blessings.

With thanks for the invitation, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Chas. T. White.

Chester, N. H., Nov. 2, 1897.

Dear Friends:

I write to thank you for the kind invitation to be present at the centennial service soon to be held in the "White Church."

It is with sincere regret that I write saying I shall not be able to be with you, for I owe so much to the Church of my boyhood and youth that I wish to show deference to her in every possible way. If the Lord has, in His wondrous mercy, made me to be of some service to my brother men, I have the training received in the "White Church" to thank for it. My sympathy and prayers shall be with you on the joyous occasion, and I will rejoice with you in spirit.

Sincerely yours,

JAS. G. ROBERTSON.

The week after the centennial was over, on receiving the newspaper account, Mr. Robertson wrote once more to this effect:

I am glad the exercises went off so well and that there was so large an attendance. Just think, we shall never have that opportunity again! One centennial is all that is allowed to mortals. One who reflects upon this finds no difficulty in recognizing his limitations as to hundred-year anniversaries. Another generation will inhabit the earth when the next centennial of the old Church comes around, if the building will last so long. How I should like to look in on them to observe their manners and customs. I doubt if steam-cars will be running over the old D. & H. road; there will be other and better modes of transportation. I think some of the old family names will remain. McFarland's and Beatty's will still inherit the earth, and tend store, and be useful in a thousand ways. How time flies!

We empty the mail-bag by producing two letters from ministers of the M. E. Church. They contain good wishes

from Rev. Mr. Harwood (who was here for several terms, and whom we would like to have had longer, the intercourse between the congregations being so pleasant), and Mr. Meeker who, though never stationed in Salem, was almost the next thing to it, having his abode in Cambridge:

Round Lake, Nov. 8, 1897.

Mr. William McFarland,
Member of the Committee of Invitation.

Dear Sir: Your kindly invitation is before me, and I hasten to reply. While it would afford me much pleasure to be present at your centennial, circumstances are such that I cannot well attend.

Hoping that you as a people may have an enjoyable time, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

T. W. Harwood.

P. S.—May the old "White Church" stand another *hundred years*, to shed its halo of brightness on its many sons and daughter, and bless the *community* where its honored form is so well known.

T. W. H.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1897.

Committee of Invitation.

Dear Friends: I can hardly tell in words what heartfelt pleasure it gives me to be invited once more to the old "White Church" and its devout people for another memorial service.

I thought, when with you in your last celebration, that I was attending my final service in a place that has been, like Uz of old, invested with the divine Spirit for a hundred years.

I have a great veneration for old places where the fathers and mothers gathered for their Sabbath worship, where the Gospel has been preached in its purity and power, and where I have been occasionally invited to give a sermon and received

with the kindest welcome by pastor and people. As I have said, I greatly appeciate the kind invitation, and would be delighted to join with you in the historic service, but a previous engagement prevents acceptance.

Though absent in body, I shall be present with you in spirit ; and my prayer is that the devotion, peace, and prosperity which has characterized you in the past will continue in the future.

Most cordially yours,

W. H. Meeker.

TOKENS

Description of the Museum.

Persistently has the "Gray Man" shadowed all of Salem's history, and this fragment would be incomplete without a touch of his hand. Thus he seems to have regarded the matter, for on the eve of the centennial he quietly placed on the collector's desk a long-lost relic: this was a small gray book, containing the farewell address of Dr. Thomas Clark to his Balibay congregation. The little volume had not been seen for a dozen or more years, and its mysterious re-appearance is at least worth noting.

A few days before, while search was being made in an old garret, there came to light a quaint picture of a church. It was wrought with a needle in silks; on the back was pasted a newspaper, bearing date 1797; this savored so strongly of the Gray Man's manœuvres that his domain was abandoned and interesting relics were sought elsewhere.

Friends, learning that antiques were desired for exhibition on this occasion, sent two old-time foot-stoves, which were formerly carried to Church that the worshipers might not freeze; an ancient Bible and Psalm-book too, long out-lasting their original owners; a huge china platter was in the collection, having escaped uncracked from the wreck of time; a pewter plate and porridge-pot were also known to have "ministered to the necessities of the Saints" in the dim long ago.

A few Church "Tokens" were displayed to be *looked at* where once they had been distributed with great solemnity; the writer remembers the responsibility which the care of a "Token" involved, from the Saturday afternoon service

until it was safely returned to an elder at the communion table. What if it should be left at home, or worse, dropped when being handed?

A baptismal bowl was one of the interesting articles; many years' service had so worn off the silver that it had been considered unfit for use and stored away, no one knows how long, on a high shelf.

Two contribution-boxes with long handles, to provide for reaching the extreme ends of the pews, testified that giving was practised as an act of worship in those ancient days, though in a different style from the modern plates now passed around.

There were letters of early date, besides publications whose venerable appearance called forth the wonder which "The Salem Book" and this pamphlet may evoke in nineteen hundred and ninety-seven.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01217 1726